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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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**WELCOME HOME TO 'A GREAT ENGLISH GENTLEMAN'!** Mr. Churchill is here seen outside No. 10 Downing Street on his safe return to London on Feb 7, 1943, from his momentous air-journeyings to Casablanca, Cairo, Turkey, Cyprus, and Tripoli. In a broadcast a few days later, President Roosevelt referred with intense satisfaction to his consultations with "a great English gentleman," which had shown that Britain and the U.S.A. were in complete accord in their determination to destroy the forces of barbarism in Europe, Asia and Africa.

*Photo, Keystone*

# THE BATTLE FRONTS

*by* Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

DURING the first half of February war news as regards land operations came almost exclusively from Russia. But how amazing and heartening the news has been! Practically all the dangers with which in my last article I suggested the Germans were threatened have matured; many unforeseeable disasters have overtaken them; others appear inevitable; and others still greater are rapidly entering the category of possibilities.

It is not, however, the recapture of towns or the reoccupation of territory that matters so much as the damage done morally and physically to the German war machine and the proof given of the superiority of Russian generalship. There are some observers outside Russia who apparently still retain some of their belief in the Reichswehr's power, speaking of a great new German offensive when the snow has gone, and hard ground facilitates manoeuvre. I think that in the main they are unduly nervous, although I admit that, till it surrenders, the Reichswehr, like a wounded animal, will always be dangerous.

I suggest that while the Germans held the initiative they were able with great efficiency to carry out their carefully-prepared plans for a blitzkrieg war, and they had forged an admirable instrument for the purpose. But since they lost the initiative they have fumbled and made mistake after mistake.

GEN. EISENHOWER, whose appointment as C.-in-C., Allied Forces in N. Africa was announced by Mr. Churchill on Feb. 11, 1943. "One of the finest men I have ever met," was the Premier's description of him.
*Photo, Planet News*

## RUSSIA

By the beginning of February 1943 the Russians had practically accomplished the first two objects of their offensive. On Feb. 2 the 6th Army's surrender (*see* p. 595) marked the end of one of the most dramatic episodes in military history. Hitler and his myrmidons have attempted to veil the gross mistakes which brought about the disaster by raising the undeniably gallant fight of the 6th Army into a supreme example of self-sacrifice which achieved all it intended. Self-sacrifice there undoubtedly was; but how far it was willing or how far it resulted from docile obedience to orders may be questioned. It is more certain that the sacrifice was made in vain, and had little or no effect on the development of Russian plans.

At that date, too, the Germans were still in full flight from the Caucasus, and it was only a question of how much of their Army in that region would find temporary safety at Rostov or in the Crimea. By February 5 the way of escape through Rostov had been closed; and a week later all the small ports on the Azov coast to which railways lead were in Russian hands. The remnants which had not escaped, and which still clung to Krasnodar and Novorossisk, had become practically innocuous, and were in danger of annihilation. By February 13 Krasnodar had been retaken after stiff but futile resistance; and a force landed by the ever-active Russian Black Sea Fleet threatened to cut off the garrison of Novorossisk from all hope of retreat.

How much of the Caucasus armies has escaped immediate annihilation is still uncertain; but even those elements that have escaped may yet become involved in dangers that threaten the armies of the Donetz Basin and the Crimea—unless they have been sent far to the rear for reorganization.

DEVASTATING as these German disasters have been, they represent the first fruits only of Zhukov's offensive. Since the beginning of February, while the army which originally broke through the German positions on the Middle Don and that which had encircled Von Paulus were steadily closing on Rostov and on the Germans established on the loop of the Donetz, Zhukov's right wing was making sensational progress. In my last article (*see* page 547) I suggested that the break-through south of Voronezh, the one that had captured Valuiki, was threatening to cut the communications between Kharkov and the Donetz Basin, which might then become a dangerous salient. I also suggested that, farther north, the drive from Voronezh itself, that had captured Kastornaya and threatened to interrupt the communications between Kharkov and the important bastion of Kursk, would make heavy demands on German reserves to protect this main avenue for lateral movements. The great improvement in Russian railway communications, the lack of which had previously threatened to handicap the maintenance of the impetus of the offensive, had also been noted as a result of successes gained.

THE way success has been exploited has, however, far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. The two thrusts not only linked up to clear the whole length of the railway from Moscow through Eletz to Valuiki, but the northern one pushed on to capture the great "hedgehog" of Kursk.

The southern thrust has had even more sensational success. Wheeling south-westwards, it captured Kupiansk and other important centres, severing all communications from Kharkov and Poltava to the Donetz Basin. Pressing on, it captured Lozovaya, cutting communications between Kharkov and the Crimea. Even more important, it has cut the railway from the Donetz Basin to Dnepropetrovsk, the direct and main line of retreat from what had indeed become a dangerous salient, containing a great army almost completely encircled. This was an audacious manoeuvre, for it not only involved the crossing of the Upper Donetz and the capture of strongly defended towns in the face of counter-attacks from within the salient, but it also risked an attack in flank from Kharkov.

As a main base centre, presumably strongly garrisoned and with ample railway communications by which reinforcements could arrive, Kharkov appeared an obvious point of assembly for a counter-stroke. It was probably quite as much to guard against this danger as to bring about the capture of the place that Russian attacks were directed towards the city and its communications, while the thrust towards the south-west passed across its front.

That no offensive movement developed from Kharkov, combined with the rapid fall of Kursk, was a clear indication that the

ROSTOV-ON-DON, capital of N. Caucasus, whose recapture was announced by the Russians on Feb. 14, 1943, was first taken by the Germans on Nov. 22, 1941, but 6 days later the Russians drove out the enemy. In July 1942 the city fell again to the Germans. This photo shows a street scene shortly before the enemy entered Rostov last year.
*Photo. E.N.A.*

Germans had few reserves unexpended. It seems probable that most of those available were rushed forward in order to check the earlier Russian drives, to form the bridgehead east of Rostov, and to hold the line of the Lower Donetz.

From within the salient the Germans made fierce if somewhat piecemeal counter-attacks in attempts to stop the thrust at their line of retreat, but these were ineffective. Meanwhile, Kharkov was threatened with encirclement, and its garrison incapable of offensive action.

Loss of the initiative and the rigid character of the " hedgehog " defence system have no doubt combined to make it difficult for the Germans to assemble any large force for a major counter-stroke. " Hedgehog " centres absorb large numbers, and if garrisons are reduced the " hedgehogs " lose their quality of impregnability.

It would seem from the fate of Kursk and other centres that in their search for reserves the Germans have been forced to this fatal compromise, and have fallen between two stools—weakening their defences without obtaining a mobile force of adequate power.

WHILE the threat to the base of the Donetz salient developed, the Russians increased their pressure at its apex. At the time of writing (mid-February) they have crossed the Donetz and the Don delta, and Moscow has just announced the recapture of Rostov and Voroshilovgrad. Fighting has been fierce, but there are indications that the Germans have decided that retreat is inevitable. If that is their decision it is belated ; and it will require desperate rearguard and flank guard actions to save any large part of the army from complete catastrophe.

Danger still threatens the Germans in the centre at Veliki Luki and in the north at Leningrad, so that on the whole the prospect of their being able to establish a stabilized front on a shorter line before spring mud affords a respite is far from hopeful.

**RUSSIAN SOUTHERN FRONT in mid-February 1943. Arrows represent the main thrusts by the Red Army. By Feb. 15 the Russians had recaptured Rostov, Voroshilovgrad and Voroshilovsk ; Kharkov was almost encircled (it fell the next day) ; and in the Caucasus the Nazis held little more than a bridgehead behind Taman.** *By Courtesy of The Times*

## NORTH AFRICA

In the period under review (first half of February 1943) there was little serious fighting on land. The 8th Army advanced steadily into Tunisia, driving back fairly strong delaying detachments but without encountering any definite rearguard position. Bad weather, mines, and demolitions have slowed down the pace of advance ; but there was no object in attempting to increase the speed until communications through Tripoli could be well established.

On the 1st Army and American front there was little change, though there were some stiff local engagements with varying fortune. The air situation, however, continued to improve with the arrival of reinforcements in Algeria, the improvement in airfields, and the advance of the 8th Army's bases.

The unification of the whole Allied North African force was evidently a necessary step, and the solution arrived at should prove satisfactory. It closely resembles that of 1918 with General Eisenhower assuming Foch's position and General Alexander that of Haig, though with a different title. If the arrangement should not work smoothly—and there is no reason to fear that it will not—I am convinced it will not be General Alexander's fault, for no one better fitted temperamentally for loyal and tactful co-operation could have been found.

**U.S. TANKS IN NEW GUINEA recently took part in successful actions in one of the most difficult fighting terrains in the world. These two light American tanks are forcing their way through a coconut grove near Cape Endaiadere. The crews have just given the machines a quick overhaul.** *Photo, Associated Press*

## FAR EAST

In the Pacific and on the Burma front the record is mainly of increasing Allied air offensive operations. Of the naval engagements in the Solomons area we have as yet been told little, but the Japanese decision to withdraw altogether from Guadalcanal is an indication that the Japanese claims to a considerable success were, as usual, grossly exaggerated, if not altogether unfounded.

The withdrawal certainly implies the admission of a notable failure involving heavy losses in ships and aircraft and the abandonment of offensive projects which the recapture of the island would have facilitated.

In New Guinea the failure of the Japanese to capture the airfields at the Wau goldfields is another rebuff. The situation there must be unique : a force dependent entirely on air communications defending itself against another operating through almost impenetrable jungle. Nevertheless, possession of the airfields may have considerable importance in future operations.

# On the East Front Nazis Suffer Blow after Blow

ON THE S. RUSSIAN FRONT, said Moscow radio on Feb. 16, "the beaten German armies are rolling back in ever-increasing disorder." Left, a cine-camera, operating beside a Soviet sniper in Stalingrad, recorded this swift sequence of events as a German soldier emerges from cover and falls victim to accurate marksmanship. Top : Armed with a tommy-gun, a Russian girl helps guard German prisoners near Veliki Luki. Below, this Nazi gunner has fired his last round.

*Photos, U.S.S.R. Official ; British Newsreels, Associated Press*

# All Along the Line Victorious Russia Marches On

**RUSSIAN GENERALSHIP AND RUSSIAN VALOUR** have defeated the enemy, not only on the rapidly-crumbling Southern front, but also on the Northern and Central battlefields. Top, Russian troops, crossing a frozen stream, drag their machine-guns and equipment with them in boat-shaped sledges ; this photograph was taken near Leningrad. Below, Soviet anti-tank guns, with their crews on caterpillar tractors, are moving up to reinforce the advancing Red Army on the Central front.



*Photos, Planet News*

# Gen. Giraud's Army Takes Shape in North Africa

MESSAGES BY CARRIER PIGEON are still a feature of modern warfare. Grouped round a table these French officers are preparing important messages for dispatch to other sectors of the line.

FRENCH TROOPS IN TUNISIA have shown their splendid fighting qualities in many actions against the enemy. Maj. Durix (above, with map), of the Tunisian Tirailleurs, gives instructions to his officers.

Fighting on the Bou Arada front presented considerable difficulties for both sides. The French fought with great determination and, despite intensive opposition, held on to their positions against superior enemy forces. Right, a French 75-mm. field-gun in action.

Below, a British sergeant instructs French recruits as they fire Bren guns on a range. These men wear British uniforms, but retain their casques and forage caps. On the latter they wear a red and blue flash for Britain.

*Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press*

IN an Order of the Day published on February 11, 1943, Gen. Juin, commanding French troops in Tunisia, announced that French forces in this vital theatre of war were to be re-equipped and rearmed. Ultra-modern weapons and equipment had already poured into Tunisia, and the arrival of fresh Allied troops at the front made it possible for certain French contingents to be relieved at the front line in order that they could go to areas in the rear to receive intensive training with these latest weapons.

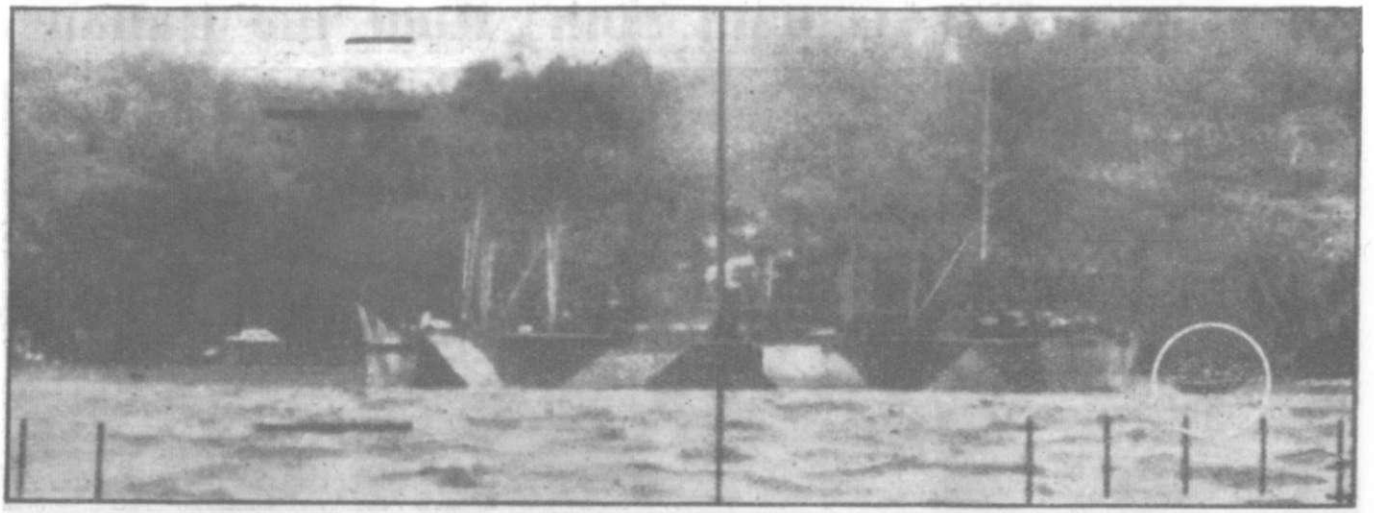
In making this important announcement Gen. Juin declared with emphasis : "The French forces will finish the job that has been started so well.

The three upper photographs in this page show men of a French cavalry regiment who joined forces with a British unit on the Bou Arada front. Many of them were familiar with the country in which they were then fighting, having lived in Tunisia most of their lives.

# In Tunisia the 'Gallant 50th' Rout the Italians

**THE QUEEN'S OWN ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT** recently distinguished itself in the Tunisian fighting. Men of a battalion of this famous English county regiment took up their positions at Siliana on the fiercely contested central front, and then moved east through Robaa to relieve a hard-pressed French unit. They advanced, "C" Company vigorously maintaining contact with retreating Italians. The latter were subjected to heavy shelling by our 25-pounders. Again the enemy retreated, and on Jan. 29, 1943, the Royal West Kents lost contact. The positions which had thus been regained were then handed over to another French unit. The photographs in this page show various phases during this operation. 1, New Vickers water-cooled heavy machine-gun in action. 2, A 3-in. mortar—one of the most effective modern weapons—in position on the bed of an almost dried up wadi. 3, Amid rocky surroundings a 25-pounder goes into action. Left, Badge of the Royal West Kent Regiment—the White Horse of Kent with motto Invicta (Unconquered). Among the nicknames applied to the Regiment or to individual battalions are Gallant 50th (the Regiment is a merger of 50th and 97th Foot), The Dirty Half-Hundred, The Celestials, and The Devil's Royals.

*Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*



**ATTACK ON A JAP MERCHANTMAN** as seen through the periscope of the United States submarine which sank the enemy ship. The heavily-camouflaged 9,000-ton merchantman is seen lying in the unidentified harbour where she was sighted by the submarine. Three torpedoes found their mark. A small boat pulling away from the vessel is ringed in white.
*Photo, Associated Press*

# THE WAR AT SEA

*by* Francis E. McMurtrie

WITH news of fresh defeats leaking out daily, the German public is sorely in need of some comfort. One after the other its generals have been discredited, the fame even of Rommel having been extinguished by his summary expulsion from Egypt and Libya.

In these circumstances the Nazi propaganda department is trying to persuade the world that it still possesses a trump card in the U-boat offensive which has been prepared for the spring. Admiral of the Fleet Karl Doenitz, the newly appointed commander-in-chief of the German Navy, has announced that officers and men who are at present serving in surface vessels must now be prepared to undergo training for submarine duties.

It would be mere wishful thinking to draw from this the inference that the increased rate of destruction of U-boats, referred to by Mr. Churchill on February 11, is putting any serious strain on the available reserve of submarine personnel. It is safer to conclude that an unusually large number of new submarines will be commissioned during 1943, and that fresh crews are to be trained in advance in order to maintain that reserve at full strength.

AT the same time it is useful to recall that early in 1918, when the institution of the convoy system and the provision of an ample supply of depth-charges had caused U-boat casualties to rise from two in the month of April 1917 to an average of about eight in the last four months of that year, a shortage of experienced engineers and petty officers was beginning to be experienced. To make good these deficiencies, some of the best ratings were taken from the High Seas Fleet to serve in submarines. It is quite possible that a similar course is now being followed, as Doenitz is less concerned than his predecessor to preserve the efficiency of his surface ships, whose record has been disappointing.

On the other side of the Atlantic there appears to be considerable apprehension concerning the likely effects of the coming U-boat offensive. That serious shipping losses will be sustained is highly probable. But it is unlikely that they will be as heavy as in the first half of last year, when the Germans found a fresh field for their depredations in the Western Atlantic. Memories of those disastrous days are still fresh in the minds of the American public. Fortunately, the United States Navy has gained greatly in experience and in the numbers and equipment of its anti-submarine vessels during the past year.

These were amongst the facts which Mr. Churchill had in mind when he expressed his confidence that the U-boat campaign would fail to avert the defeat of the Axis Powers. It may delay it, but that is all. He declared that any increase in the numbers of U-boats would be countered by a corresponding addition to the strength of the convoy escorts. For this reason greater emphasis is now being thrown upon the construction of escort vessels, equipped with "every new device of anti-U-boat warfare." What these devices are we have not been told, but the recent upward trend of U-boat destruction suggests that they are very effective.

How different is the present situation from that which confronted us twenty-six years ago! At that date we were so short of escorts that it was not until reinforcements were received from the United States Navy that the convoy system could be put in force. This was in May 1917. During the preceding month the total of shipping losses reached the appalling figure of 881,000 tons. For the whole of that critical year the losses due to enemy action, according to the records of Lloyd's Register, amounted to 2,734 ships, of 6,350,362 tons. Such figures in themselves convey little; but the position is made plainer when it is added that during the terrible month of April 1917 out of every 100 vessels leaving these shores, 25 never returned. Nothing so serious as that has been experienced in the present conflict; and in view of our infinitely improved anti-submarine organization today, there is good reason for the confidence expressed by the Prime Minister in the ultimate issue.

## SCIENTISTS Have Their Part in Sea-War Developments

Science is playing an increasingly important part in the present war. It has already provided antidotes to various enemy devices, such as, for example, the magnetic mine, the acoustic mine, etc.

Radio-location, which had advanced beyond the experimental stage before the war, was employed at an early date for detecting the approach of enemy aircraft. It can also be used at sea, in the detection of aircraft by ships and of ships by aircraft; as well as in the detection of ships by other ships. So far it has not been possible to use radio-location under water, which wireless waves cannot penetrate. Very long wavelengths can be received through a foot or two of water, but no more. It is therefore impossible for U-boats while submerged to employ radio-location for the detection of vessels on the surface. Nor can submerged submarines be detected by this means from ships or aircraft.

AS the result of six months' hard fighting by the U.S. Navy and Marine Corps, aided towards the close by the Army, Japanese forces have been expelled from the island of Guadalcanal. During the last few days of organized resistance enemy officers of the higher ranks appear to have abandoned their men, hastening to take the first available places in the boats which came in at night to evacuate as many as possible of the surviving troops. Two or three enemy destroyers were sunk in the course of the evacuation, which only brought away about 1,500 troops.

## GUADALCANAL—a Severe Blow to Japanese Prestige

It is estimated that fully 20,000 Japanese lost their lives in Guadalcanal, while 30,000 more were drowned during attempts at reinforcement. Japan holds human life very cheap, so this means nothing to the military dictatorship in Tokyo. At the same time, the blow to enemy prestige is a severe one. Undoubtedly, some fresh move will soon be made in an endeavour to restore it. Already mobilization of the whole population of Japan, other than those engaged in war industry and other vital occupations, has been ordered. More than 70 per cent of the textile mills will close, so that the mill-hands may be transferred to work of greater importance to the war.

There are still numerous Japanese forces in the Solomon Islands area, with airfields wherever favourable sites exist. It will not be easy to drive them out, but the cleaning-up of the Guadalcanal situation is a big step forward.

Rabaul, in the island of New Britain, is the principal Japanese base. If it could be taken the minor positions would fall more easily, and the entire clearance of these islands would be in sight.

The United States Navy would then be faced with the task of seizing fresh bases nearer to Japan itself. Two of which the strategical value is outstanding are Truk, in the Caroline group, and Guam, in the Mariana Islands. The latter was in American possession until it was captured by the Japanese in December 1941. It has sometimes been called the key of the Western Pacific, and would be extremely useful as an advance base for an attack on Japan.

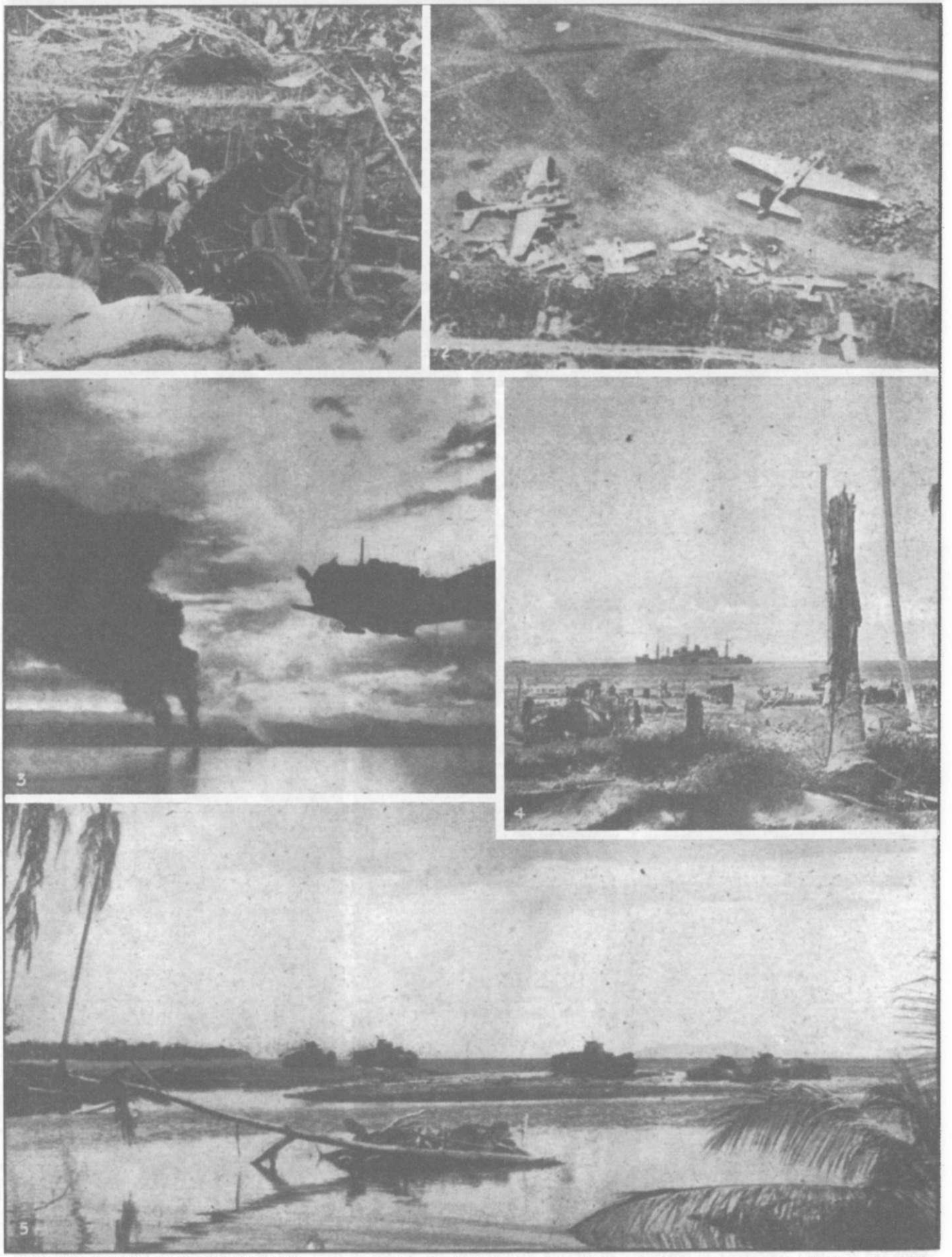
# Bombs on the U-Boats in Their Concrete Lairs

**LORIENT**, great enemy submarine base on the N.W. coast of France, has been so heavily attacked by our home-based bombers that the Germans ordered the evacuation of the entire civilian population on Feb. 8, 1943. 1, R.A.F. bombs actually bursting on the base. 2, Inside a U-boat—an extract from a captured German news-reel. 3, U-boat returning to its concrete pen. 4, U.S. officer questions a member of a captured U-boat at Oran.



*Photos, British Official; New York Times Photos, Associated Press, E.N.A.*

# Smashing Defeat for the Japs in the Solomons

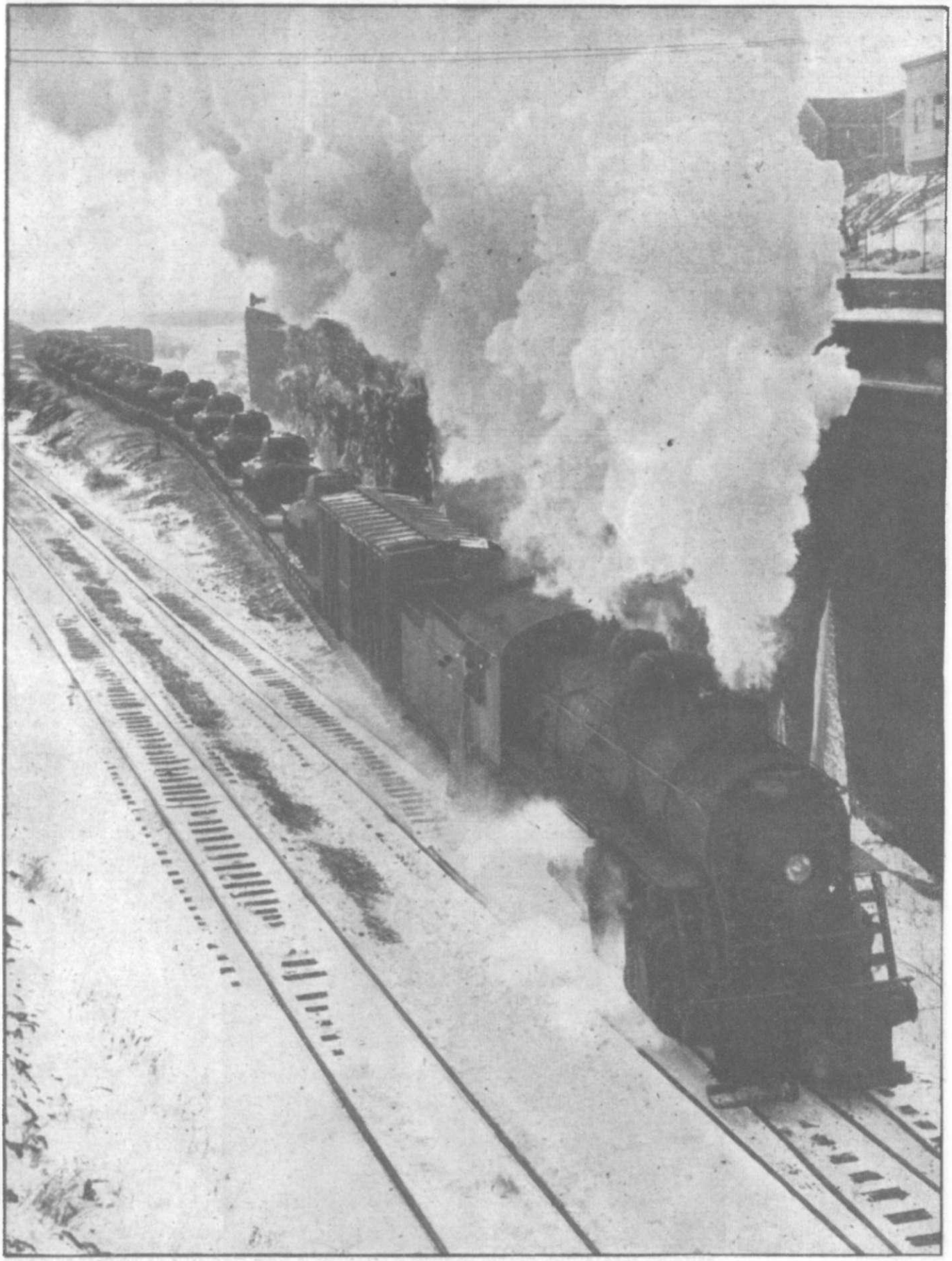


**JAP WITHDRAWAL FROM GUADALCANAL** was announced on Feb. 10, 1943. During the six months' fighting the enemy lost 50,000 men and 800 planes in addition to many ships. 1, U.S. Marines man a 75-mm. gun. 2, Flying Fortresses on Henderson Airfield amid the wreckage of enemy fighters. 3, Burning Jap transports—remnants of a destroyed invasion force. 4, Men and supplies being landed from a U.S. transport. 5, Enemy tanks abandoned at the mouth of the Matanikau River.



*Photos, Keystone, Associated Press, Planet News, Fox*

# More Tanks from the Canadian War Factories



CANADA'S WAR SUPPLIES are to be shared by the United Nations on the basis of strategic needs without financial consideration. In making this announcement on Feb. 8, 1943 Mr. Ilsley, the Canadian Finance Minister, stated that the Dominion Parliament would be asked to authorize a further £225,000,000 for that purpose. This photograph shows a trainload of tanks arriving at a Canadian port to be loaded aboard ships bound for Britain and the U.S.S.R.



*Photo Associated Press*

# VIEWS & REVIEWS

## Of Vital War Books

*by* Hamilton Fyfe

# Airborne Troops In Modern Warfare

SEVEN years ago I went to a party at the Russian Embassy in London. A propaganda film was shown. Included in it was a sequence of soldiers dropping from aircraft by parachute. There were hundreds of them, coming down on a vast airfield. Some of the spectators at the Embassy were merely amused. "Very enterprising and ingenious," they commented, "but—not war!" Others went away thoughtful.

That same year there were Red Army manoeuvres attended by the military attachés of the Moscow embassies. They saw two battalions of troops with a number of light field guns dropped in eight minutes; their task was to occupy a small town. They occupied it.

This was in 1936. From that time on the Russians and the Germans both gave a great deal of attention to this new form of warfare. Our War Office and headquarters staff looked on. You won't blame them so much perhaps if you remember that Tom Wintringham in his book on Army Reform, published early in 1939, did not mention airborne troops. We did not take the new development seriously. It was new.

The first jolt we got was in April 1940, when the Nazis landed 3,000 men in an hour close to Oslo and took the Norwegian capital by surprise with little opposition. They lost heavily because they did not allow time enough between the arrivals of troop-carriers. Waves of five came at intervals of only three minutes. There was not room for them to land, so that a number were wrecked. But the operation succeeded, and the Germans profited by the lesson their losses had taught them. They allowed more time for the transport aircraft to be emptied.

THESE were not parachutists, and therefore the title of Capt. F. O. Miksche's new book, in which the incident is described, is not quite accurate. He calls it Paratroops (Faber, 10s. 6d.), but most of it is about troops taken to the field of battle in planes. It is as sound and stimulating as readers of the Czech captain's Blitzkrieg will expect. It both tells what use was made of airborne troops up to the Battle of Crete two years ago and discusses in a most interesting way their value, training, handling, and probable future.

If the troops carried through the air are needed to reinforce an army engaged in battle, no parachutists are required. But if the aim is to capture an airfield or a small town, parachute troops go first to make preparations for the landing of the large numbers who follow in transport planes. To land many parachutists at the same time is a hazardous operation. When 1,200 men of the German 3rd Parachute Regiment were dropped in Crete, we disposed of half their number. Nevertheless, the rest managed to do what they had been sent to do. Most of the land fighting on the island was done by the airborne battalions. Gliders towed by bombers were used to a large extent. This surprised the British commanders: "They had not taken the possibility of gliders into account."

From gliders the troops usually descend by parachute. They are too easy a mark if they come down to earth to land their passengers, and they do not land well; many were destroyed in Crete. But if they can be manoeuvred so as to discharge their crews on the ground, a great advantage is gained: the men "are under the immediate control of their section leader at the moment of landing—so that the platoons and companies will be assembled for combat in a shorter time." A glider that costs £500 can take a load of weapons and ammunition up to 2½ tons. Some larger ones the Germans have which carry as many as 140 men. With these it is possible "to launch whole companies at once in the enemy's rear."

BUT that is not a method which can often be followed. Admitting fully the effect on the nerve of a force which knows there are enemy troops behind it, it can be of small value unless there is full support from the air arm, and unless the units landed from the air act in close cooperation with the rest of the ground forces. As a rule, Capt. Miksche seems to think airborne troops will be used for the attainment of some particular purpose, such as the capture of an airfield, the silencing of enemy guns, or the destruction of some building, waterworks, power-station, or factory on which the enemy depends.

In May 1940 the Belgian fortress of Eben Emael was silenced by Germans deposited on the top of it by gliders. Its guns were preventing the invaders from crossing the Maas river by the only two bridges they could use for tanks. This had been foreseen. During the winter of 1939-40 a model of the fort had been made in Germany, and the attack rehearsed over and over again. So when the time had come for the real performance the performers were ready and knew their parts.

The men on top of the fort had plenty of explosives with them. They threw these into the gun cupolas, into the muzzles of the guns, into the ammunition hoists. The garrison could not go on firing. The road for the German tanks was now clear. What the party on the roof would have done if their comrades on the ground had not soon got into the fort is doubtful. They were in their risky position for some thirty hours till the attackers below relieved them.

WHERE an enemy is retreating through mountain passes or on narrow paths through a region of lakes and streams, troops dropped to contest these may do most valuable work. If the French had been in a position to use two or three airborne divisions against the 45,000 road vehicles, mostly lorries, that brought up the German army from Cologne, Bonn, and Coblenz in such overwhelming strength to the French frontier the advance might, suggests Capt. Miksche, have been dislocated. A year later, in the great battles on the Russian front in May 1942, the Germans stopped Marshal Timoshenko's move towards Kharkov in just this manner.

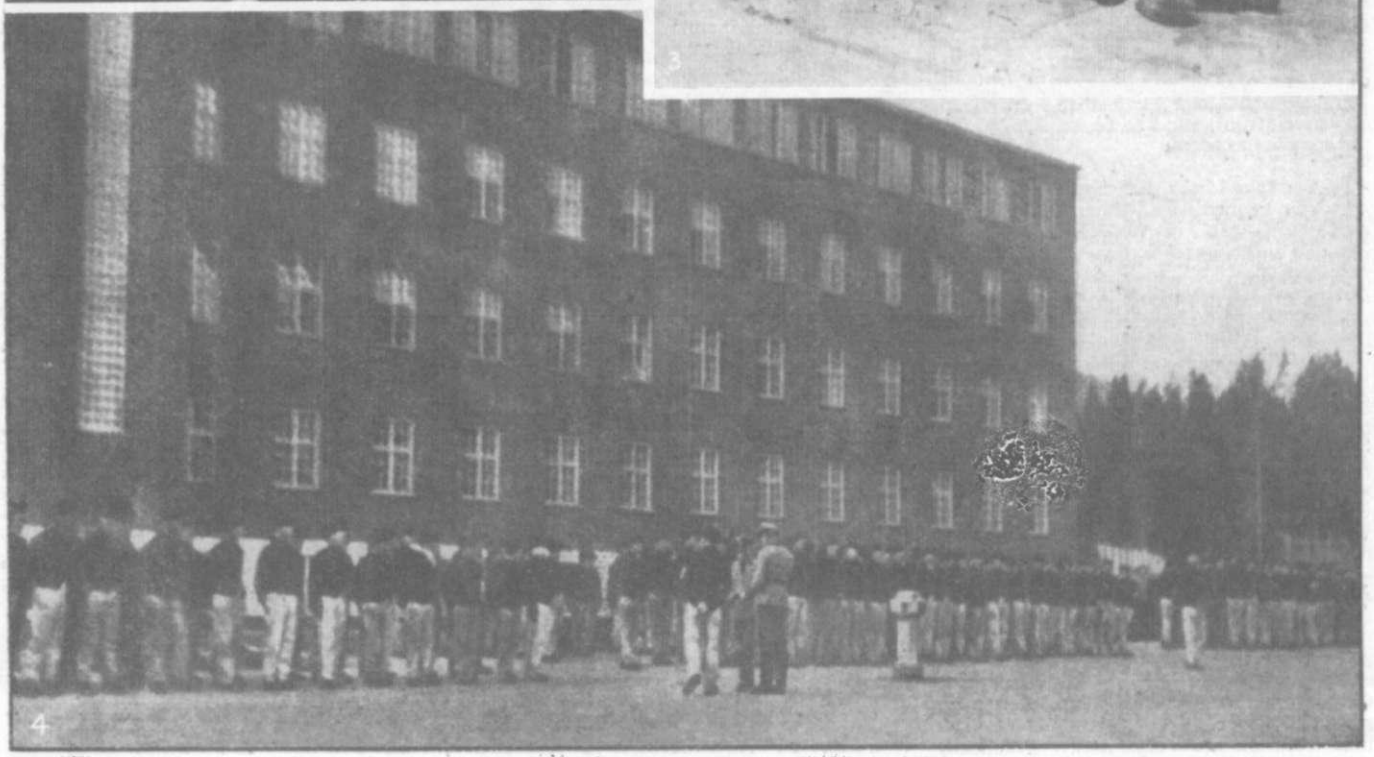
SO numerous have been the transport planes destroyed lately by the Russians, by the Americans in the Pacific, and by us over the Mediterranean, that some readers may think Capt. Miksche goes too far in considering airborne troops and material an important factor in warfare today. If the transporters are not protected by aircraft, they certainly run serious risks. Their use must be most carefully regulated and staff work must be perfect; even then the danger will be great. But the risks will be taken, the danger defied.

The airborne land force has taken its place as an instrument of modern war. So the more we know about it the better.

**GERMAN PARACHUTISTS, whose exploits are referred to in this page, are here seen at their camp after the enemy invasion of Crete in May 1941.** *Photo, Associated Press*

**BRITAIN'S PARATROOPS were first mentioned as having been in action in a raid on Southern Italy in Feb. 1941 (see Vol. 4, p. 217); some were flown recently to N. Africa from Britain. This photo, showing paratroops collecting equipment from a parachute-dropped container, was taken at a demonstration by an Airborne Division.** *Photo, British Official*

# Invasion Fears Haunt the Nazis in Norway



**NORWAY UNDER THE GERMAN HEEL.** 1, German Marines acting as infantry during anti-invasion exercises near Narvik. 2, Furniture being removed from Oslo flats "commandeered" by Germany. 3, Yet another German officer has committed suicide in a Norwegian village. Above his body a Quisling poster reads (ironically enough): "Europe is Conquering Bolshevism." 4, A roll-call at an interment camp established by the enemy for Norwegian professional men.



*Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Norwegian Official, Keystone*

# Stalingrad: Symbol of Unconquerable Russia

"The city is tired, the houses are tired, the stones are tired," said a Red Army man one night during the long and bitter battle for Stalingrad; "but we are not tired." And so it was that the great Russian city, which Hitler had boasted time and again was his, became in the end the graveyard of the flower of the Nazi Army.

"ACTING upon your order, the troops of the Don front at 16.00 o'clock, February 2, 1943, completed the defeat and annihilation of the surrounded enemy group at Stalingrad." So ran Operational Report No. 0079, addressed to Comrade Stalin, Supreme C.-in-C. of the Armed Forces of the U.S.S.R., and signed by Marshal of Artillery Voronov, delegate of the H.Q. of the Supreme Command, and Col.-Gen. K. K. Rokossovsky, Commander of the troops of the Don front.

It was a historic document, issued at a historic moment. Its few words, its laconic phrasing marked the close of the gigantic battle for Stalingrad, the greatest and most bloody battle of this war, one of the greatest and bloodiest battles of all wars.

When after three weeks' bombardment the first Germans thrust their way into Stalingrad's streets on September 12 last year, the huge city, sprawling for miles along the Volga bank, must have seemed ripe for the plucking. Yet they were met by an intense fire, and had to fight their way from street to street, from house to house, floor to floor, even room to room.

IN Stalingrad was the Soviet 62nd Army, commanded by 42-year-old Lt.-Gen. Chuykov, part of Col.-Gen. A. I. Yeremenko's Stalingrad army. They were not fresh troops, yet with devoted, self-sacrificing enthusiasm they obeyed Chuykov's injunction, "Everyone must be a stone of the city." One by one their strongpoints were overwhelmed, foot by foot they were forced back, ever nearer to the Volga's bank; and at the end of September the Germans seized the Mamaev Kurgan, a ridge dominating the city and the river beyond. At this moment of extreme danger a fresh division of crack Soviet troops—Major-Gen. Alexander Rodimtsev's 13th Division of the Guards—arrived by a series of forced marches on the east bank of the Volga opposite Stalingrad and, crossing the river in small boats or on rafts—there was no bridge—flung itself into the city. They managed to retrieve what was threatening to prove a desperate situation. The front was re-established; yet in spite of all, by the end of October the Russians were separated by a wedge of German troops; occupying a five-mile front on the Volga itself. Practically the whole of the city and its outskirts was in enemy hands, so that Hitler was not too far from the truth when on November 8 he boasted that "we have got Stalingrad save for some very small parts."

"The bloodiest day of all was October 14," said General Chuykov, "when the Germans brought in five new or re-manned divisions, with two tank divisions, and hurled them into a front only three miles wide. They had an incredible number of guns, and their planes were making 2,500 flights a day. The noise was so tremendous that one could not hear the shells and bombs exploding, nor see more than five yards because of the smoke. The whole city shook as if in an earthquake. The vibration was so intense that if a glass were put down on the table in my dug-out it was smashed to atoms. The Germans put everything they had into their blows . . . The two armies were locked in a deadly grip: neither side could disentangle itself . . . Some big buildings changed hands twenty times between the beginning of October and the middle of November. On that bloody October 14, I had 61 officers of my staff of 83 killed or wounded . . ."

But Chuykov's and Rodimtsev's men justified Stalin's confidence, and held on while the great Russian offensive was being prepared. They could be given little air support, though gallant pilots of the Red Air Force lived through an ordeal even grimmer than that of the R.A.F. in the Battle of Britain. Neither long-range artillery nor the Luftwaffe were able to close the supply-line across the Volga, where creaking old ferry-boats, fishing-boats and improvised rafts, manned by old pensioners, peasant-women and fishermen, crossed under the protection of units of the Red Fleet.

Then, in the second week of November, the tide began to turn. Two Russian relief armies—Col.-Gen. N. F. Vatutin's army of the south-west and Col.-Gen. Rokossovsky's army of the Don—began to close in on the city from north and south, gradually encircling the German 6th Army under Paulus, comprising 21 divisions, about 300,000 men, so inextricably entangled with the troops of Yeremenko's army. On November 22 a special Russian communiqué stated that an offensive had been launched at the approaches to Stalingrad. In three days of heavy fighting the Russians had advanced nearly 40 miles, occupying Kalach and Abganerovo; at Kalach they joined hands, and Paulus's host was encircled. The besiegers were now the besieged; with the linking-up on November 25 of Chuykov's men in Stalingrad with Rokossovsky's attacking from the north the siege of Stalingrad was in effect over.

DRIVEN ever farther to the west, the Germans under von Manstein made a desperate attempt in mid-December in the area north of Kotelnikovo to break through to the rescue of beleaguered Paulus. The attempt failed. The gap between Paulus and his would-be deliverers widened daily: he and his 6th Army were in a bag whose neck was being inexorably drawn tighter. On January 8 the Soviet High Command presented him with an ultimatum with a view to avoiding unnecessary bloodshed.

"All hopes for the rescue of your troops by a German offensive from the south and south-west have fallen through (it read). The German troops which hastened to your assistance have been routed . . . The German transport-planes which supplied you with miserable quantities of food, ammunition, and fuel are frequently compelled to change their aerodromes, and cover long distances to reach the positions of your surrounded troops. They suffer tremendous losses in aircraft and crews. The position of your encircled troops is desperate. They are experiencing hunger, disease, and cold.

(*Continued in page* 595)

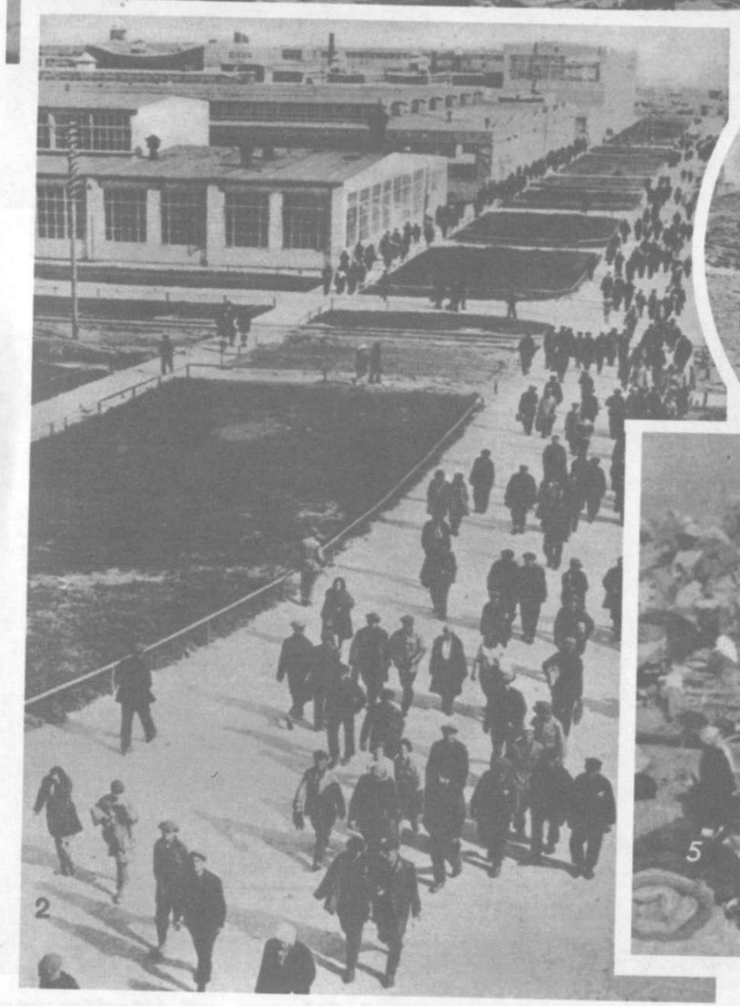
**GEN. F. M. VON PAULUS (extreme right), G.O.C. German 6th Army, whose surrender with the remnants of his force at Stalingrad on Jan. 31, 1943 was a major Russian triumph, is here shown during his interrogation by his captors. Left to right: Col.-Gen. Rokossovsky, Russian G.O.C. Don Front, Marshal of Artillery Voronov, and Maj. Dyatlenko, interpreter.** *Photo, U.S.S.R. Official*

**CAPTURED GENERALS AT STALINGRAD. Left to right: Gen. Dimitriu, 20th Rumanian Infantry Division; Lt.-Gen. von Daniel, 376th Infantry Division; Lt.-Gen. Schlemmer, 14th Armoured Corps; Maj.-Gen. M. von Drebber, 279th Infantry Division, and a lieut.-general. Twenty-four Axis generals in all were taken.** *Photo, U.S.S.R. Official*

*Photos, Planet News*

## To the Immortal Glory of Stalingrad

In the city of gardens as well as of factories that the Russians built on the Volga's banks after the Revolution, the Square of Fallen Heroes (top) commemorated the siege of 1918, when, under Stalin's leadership, Tsaritsyn beat off the Whites. Tsaritsyn became Stalingrad, and now Stalin's City has seen another horde recoil from its walls. Gaunt and grim as are the ruins to which its people are returning (lower photo), they have a glory which will endure as long as Russia lives.



## Yesterday: Triumph of Soviet Planning

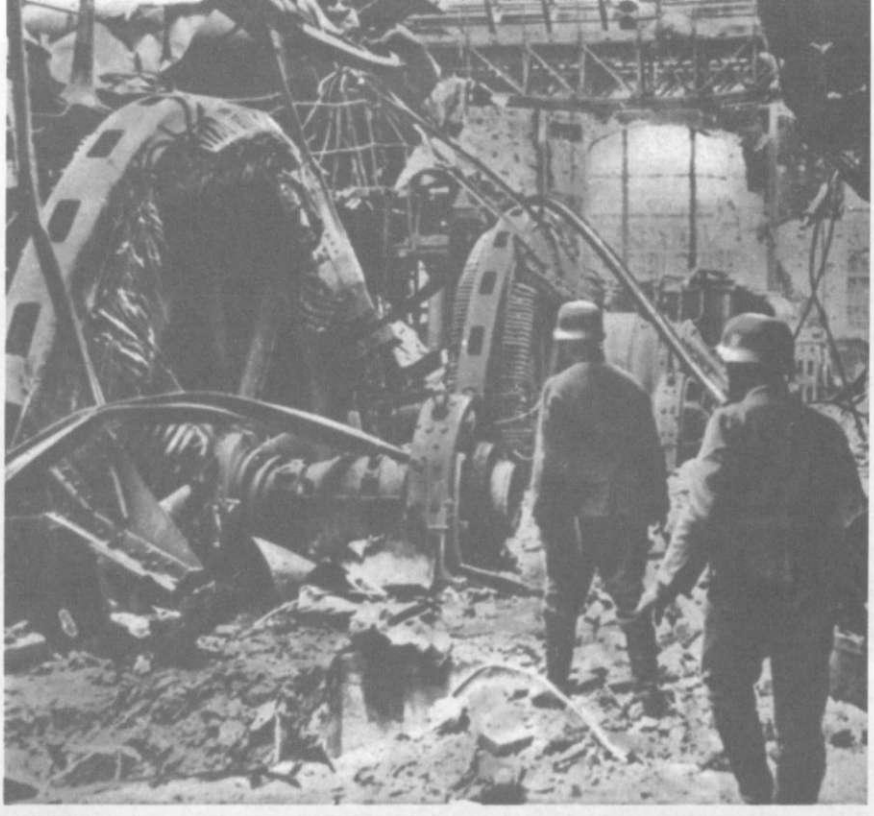
One of the supreme achievements of the First Five-Year Plan was the great tractor factory (1) at Stalingrad, opened in 1930. In peacetime its output was 60,000 tractors a year, and more than 10,000 workers—in (2) some of them are seen at a change-over of shifts—were employed there. Came the War; tractors gave place to tanks, and the factory itself became a battleground. Amongst the final gains of the Nazis in Stalingrad, it was their last stronghold.



Photos, Pl... News, E.N.A., Associated ...ss, New York Times ...otos, Keystone

## Today: Graveyard of Hitler's Vaunted Might

For five months Stalingrad was bombed and bombarded by Hitler's guns and planes so that it blazed and smoked to heaven (4). "It will be taken," swore the Fuehrer on Sept. 30; and on Nov. 8 he boasted that it was his "except for some very small parts." It never was taken, however, thanks to the superb bravery of its defenders, some of whom are seen in (6). At the height of the fighting stray animals roamed the ruins (3), while their owners found safety across the Volga (5).



## Friend and Foe in Stalin's City

*Photos, Keystone, Associated Press, Planet News*

All through the siege some of Stalingrad's 800,000 populace remained in the city to give what help they could to the armed defenders. For the most part they lived below ground, in cellars, dug-outs and caves. Sometimes they were unearthed by the Nazis (top left) as they mopped-up amid the shattered buildings (top right). Most of the people were evacuated across the Volga, however; and now they are returning, to "swop" their experiences with their gallant liberators.

## *The Battle of Stalingrad*

(*Continued from page* 590)

The bitter frost, the cold biting winds, and the snowstorms have yet to come. Your men have not been supplied with winter uniforms, and live in appalling, unhygienic conditions. You as the commander realize full well that you have no real possibilities of breaking the ring of encirclement. Your situation is hopeless, and further resistance is useless."

Followed the terms for an honourable capitulation, which, however, the German general ignored. So on January 10 the work of systematic destruction of an entire German army was resumed.

As January wore on the plight of the encircled Germans grew worse and worse. No Junkers loaded with supplies reached them now. They were reduced to eating horse carcasses. and their bread ration was down to 4 oz. a day. Tens of thousands were killed, tens of thousands gave themselves up. By January 26 only two small scattered enemy groups totalling no more than 12,000 haggard, typhus-ridden, frost-bitten, half-starved and hopeless men, had so far escaped annihilation—one of them north of Stalingrad and the other nearer the centre of the city. Both were doomed; but as a salve to wounded German prestige they were ordered to hold on to the end. Broadcasting on January 29, the Berlin military spokesman Dietmar said:

"The last defenders of Stalingrad are resisting heroically the savage onslaughts of the enemy. Since November these men have been fighting to the last cartridge, and to the last drop of blood. Their accommodation is so bad as to be almost non-existent. Their clothing consists of rags; they have no more food, no ammunition—no hope at all. Although abandoned and knowing it, they fight." Then comparing the Germans with the Americans at Corregidor, Dietmar said: "But while MacArthur took a plane, General Paulus remains at his post;" and other messages from Berlin pictured him as a truly German hero, directing the battle from his dug-out with two revolvers and a bottle of poison at hand if things came to the worst . . .

On January 31 a special statement from Hitler's headquarters read over the radio announced that Paulus had been promoted General Field-Marshal. At 7.37 p.m. the same day Berlin gave out that he and his battle group had been overwhelmed.

Paulus's last stand was in the ruins of a big store in Stalingrad's central square. The Russians surrounded the building, and after fifteen minutes' blitz shelling Lieut. Fedor Yelchenko of Col. Burmakov's motorized sharpshooter brigade was about to rush the building with his men when out popped a German officer carrying a white flag and accompanied by an interpreter. The little 21-year-old lieutenant presented himself. In his own words, reported by A. T. Cholerton, The Daily Telegraph's correspondent:

"They asked for a big chief to meet their big chief. I said, 'I am the nearest here. What do you want?' He said 'Surrender.' I said, 'Right-ho.'"

Impatient Russian sharpshooters trying to rush the iron-grilled gateway leading down to the inner yard were warned by German soldiers that the gateway was mined; so during the lull Yelchenko, with fifteen of his men, made for the basement by another entrance. They pushed their way past several hundred Germans who were packed tightly in the underground corridors. Into "that beast's lair" as he called it, Yelchenko made his way with a couple of his men. He was received by Lt.-Col. von Rasske, who asked for terms of surrender. Yelchenko replied that they were those contained in Col.-Gen. Rokossovsky's ultimatum.

"Rasske behaved like an officer (went on Yelchenko), without fear or special arrogance. He and Paulus's chief of staff, von Schmidt, kept going over to the bed where Paulus was lying. I didn't have to talk to him, but took a good look at him; he didn't look ill, but sort of unhappy. Rasske asked me if I had any questions to put to Paulus personally. I said No, because the position was clear enough to me. They had explained already that Rasske and not Paulus commanded that last German knot in central Stalingrad. Rasske asked me to prevent Paulus being manhandled, or treated like a tramp. In fact, we got him a good car with a good guard to take him to our H.Q. Only half an hour later we took away his little automatic pistol, leaving him his pocket-knife . . . No, we didn't search him for poison."

Only one little pocket of Germans now remained—that in the north of Stalingrad where the remains of the 11th Army Corps held out under Col.-Gen. Strecker. At dawn on February 2 the Soviet guns deluged the position with fifteen-minute barrages. Then the guns would be silent for five minutes as an invitation to the Germans to give up the fight. The invitation was readily understood, and during each pause groups of dazed and dirty German soldiers crawled out of the debris waving their shirts as flags of surrender. What may have been the final blow against the Germans in Stalingrad was delivered by one Sergeant Ozerov, who crept up to the last nest of resistance, a shattered house, and sprayed the windows with his tommy-gun, thus allowing his comrades to make the final assault.

So the Battle of Stalingrad came to an end. In Germany the news was made the occasion for a veritable orgy of patriotic mourning, extending by official order over three days. The 6th Army was hailed as "the bulwark of a historical European mission" which had sacrificed itself so as to give the German command time to take the counter-measures on which depended the fate of the whole Eastern Front. The truth came from Moscow:

"The Sixth Army," said the announcer, "did not fight to the last bullet. Some of its units did, but not all. And the German generals did not fight at all. Of the 330,000 German officers and men of the 6th Army, 90,000 soldiers, over 2,500 officers and 24 generals surrendered. For every surviving general 10,000 German soldiers had died . . . According to Goebbels the generals died heroes' deaths. In reality, however, they are all alive and prisoners of war."

After the battle Stalingrad was revealed as a city of desolation—a vast wilderness of masses of broken machinery, twisted rails, wrecks of giant planes, frozen bodies, and street after street of gaunt, wrecked houses. "Around me everywhere," cabled Harold King, Reuters special correspondent, "as far as eye could see, was a desolation I could never imagine, even in a hideous dream. For two days I walked and walked, covering about 30 miles from the north of the city to the south and then to the west. I saw the bombing of London, but the worst scenes in London, Coventry, and Plymouth are overshadowed by the almost fierce grimness of Stalingrad." Yet in the debris-covered streets there was a strange holiday feeling. Men and women were coming back to rebuild their shattered homes, while streaming along all the roads to the west moved the triumphant divisions of the Red Army. "Five days ago," said Lt.-Gen. Gurov, one of Stalingrad's defenders, on February 6, "the Germans were only three hundred yards away. Now they are nearly three hundred miles to the west."

"And what a devil of a way it is," commented a staff-officer as he lifted his eyes from the map spread out before him.

**IN LIBERATED STALINGRAD. Grim and unforgettable reminders of the titanic struggle litter the devastated streets. This radioed photograph shows Stalingrad citizens walking through the snow. A dead horse lies in the foreground, and on the right stands a derelict tram-car.**
*Photo, Planet News*

**STALINGRAD MEDAL presented to the city's heroic defenders. Obverse (above), "For the Defence of Stalingrad"; reverse, "For our Soviet Land." Similar medals were struck for Leningrad, Sevastopol, and Odessa.**
*U.S.S.R. Official*

# Britain's Premier and Turkey's President Meet

### TURKEY IS OUR ALLY, OUR FRIEND

FROM the conference at Casablanca, with the full assent of President Roosevelt, I flew to Cairo and then to Turkey. I descended upon a Turkish airfield at Adana already well equipped with British Hurricane fighters manned by Turkish airmen ; and out of the snow-capped Taurus Mountains there curled like an enamel caterpillar the Presidential train, bearing on board the head of the Turkish Republic and Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, Marshal Chakmak, and the party leader ; in fact, the high executive of Turkey

HITHERTO Turkey has maintained a solid barrier against aggression from any quarter, and by doing so even in the darkest days has rendered us invaluable service in preventing the spreading of the war through Turkey into Persia and Iraq, and in preventing the menace to the oil-fields at Abadan, which are of vital consequence to the whole Eastern war.

It is of important interest to the United Nations, and especially Great Britain, that Turkey should become well armed in all the apparatus of the modern army, and that her brave infantry shall not lack essential weapons which play a decisive part on the battlefield of today. These weapons we and the United States are now for the first time in a position to supply to the full capacity of the Turkish railways and other communications to receive.

We can give them as much as they are able to take, and we can give them these weapons as fast as or faster than the Turkish troops can be trained to use them.

AT our conference I made no request to Turkey except to get this rearmament business thoroughly well organized, and a joint military mission is now sitting in Angora, a British and Turkish mission, in order to press forward to the utmost the development of the general defensive strength of Turkey, improvement in communications, and by the reception of new weapons to bring its army up to the highest pitch of efficiency.

Turkey is our ally. Turkey is our friend. We shall well wish to see her territories, rights, and interests effectively preserved, and we wish to see in particular warm and friendly relations established between Turkey and our great Russian Ally to the northwards, to whom we are bound by the 20 years'. Anglo-Russian Treaty.—*Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons, Feb.* 11, 1943

**THE PRIME MINISTER IN THE NEAR EAST : 1, Mr. Churchill and President Inonu of Turkey at Adana during their consultation on Jan. 30-31, 1943. 2, The Presidential train in which the momentous conference took place. A Turkish soldier keeps guard. 3, Cairo was a vital port of call for the Premier. He is here seen with Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, A.O.C.-in-C., Middle East, on his arrival. 4, Mr. Churchill returned to England on Feb. 7 in a Liberator bomber named "Commando"—the same machine in which he flew to Russia last year. This photo shows his baggage being unloaded from the aircraft after his safe return.**



*Photos, British Official : Crown Copyright*

# Mr. Churchill Greets the 8th Army in Tripoli

**PREMIER WITH DESERT VICTORS: 1, Having landed at Castel Benito aerodrome on Feb. 3, 1943 the Prime Minister drives through Tripoli to the saluting base. 2, Greeting Gen. Montgomery at Castel Benito. 3, Taking the salute as the pipe band of the 51st (Highland) Division marches past.** *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

TALK ABOUT SPIT AND POLISH !

FROM Cairo I proceeded on my magic carpet to Tripoli, which ten days before was in the possession of the enemy. Here I found Gen. Montgomery. I should like to say this : I have never seen troops march with the style and air of the Desert Army.

Talk about spit and polish ! The Highland and New Zealand Divisions paraded after their ordeal in the desert as though they had come out of Wellington Barracks, and there was an air on the face of every private and a look of that just and sober pride which come from victory and triumph after toil.

I saw the same sort of martial smartness and the same punctilio of saluting and discipline in the Russian guard of honour which received me in Moscow six months ago. The fighting men of democracy feel they are coming into their own.

Let me also pay my tribute to that vehement and formidable general, Gen. Montgomery—a Cromwellian figure, austere, severe, accomplished, tireless, his life given to the study of war, who has attracted to himself in an extraordinary measure the confidence and devotion of his army.—*Mr. Churchill in House of Commons, Feb.* 11, 1943

# THE WAR IN THE AIR

*by* Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

THE outstanding recent events in the war were the defeat of the Japanese in Guadalcanal Island (announced on February 9) and the continued surge forward of the Russian armies out of the steppe country into the industrial area of the Ukraine. In both cases air activity played a considerable part in the pressure which forced the enemy withdrawal.

The effectiveness of the American air and naval blockade of the Japanese forces on Guadalcanal was a decisive factor. The alleged evacuation of the island (according to the Japanese) is a significant admission of defeat. But it must be remembered that this was a relatively small-scale operation. The numbers of combatants engaged on both sides in the island battles of the South-West Pacific have nowhere been large, because of the difficulties of supply over sea communications stretching for thousands of miles, and a final difficult porterage over tropical and, in some places, mountainous country, to the actual fighting areas.

The Pacific Ocean, dotted with islands, is provided by Nature with a great number of "fixed aircraft-carriers" which can be used by the United Nations in the war against Japan in much the same way as Malta was used in the Mediterranean against the Axis. And undisputed possession of Guadalcanal Island, with its aerodrome (*see* illus. p. 586), must be of great tactical value to the American air forces operating in the Solomons zone.

Under the conditions obtaining in the Pacific Ocean the mobility of the aeroplane reaches full significance. It can bring up urgent reinforcements of men and materials. Its inherent power as a fighting weapon against surface forces and against the submarine can be brought to bear upon an enemy fighting under conditions where the only alternatives are withdrawal or surrender. The success of the American air forces in the Solomons is a sure pointer to the ultimate defeat of Japan, whose communication line from factory to front is but one-half the length of the American air communication line from factories in South California, and one-third of that from factories on the Atlantic coast.

A REMARKABLE feature of the air fighting in the S.W. Pacific lies in the difference between the Japanese method and the American in attacking ships. The favourite Japanese method (as we found out in the case of the Prince of Wales and Repulse) was by airborne torpedo; the usual American method is by bomb. Under the conditions of anchorage found among tropical islands, the bomb attack may be easier to carry out than the torpedo attack, for the first can be made either from high-level flight or a steep dive, but the torpedo can be launched accurately only when the conditions are peculiarly favourable to this form of attack. It is, however, too soon to attempt an analysis of the relative value of the two forms of attack, but it is probable that this is already earnestly engaging the attention of the air and naval technical staffs.

The Russian Air Force achieved a technical surprise in the employment of the rocket-propelled bomb. The Stormovik has often been called a dive-bomber, but this is an erroneous description. It is really a low-level bomber, employing the rocket-propelled bomb, which, because of the velocity imparted by the rocket, travels in a straight line from aeroplane to target instead of following a curving trajectory. The impact force of this type of bomb is greater than that of the gravity-propelled bomb, and it is therefore a more useful projectile to employ against tanks, if the standard of aim can be raised to an accuracy sufficient to provide direct hits.

### FLYING-TANKS and Anti-tank Aircraft Foreshadowed

It is therefore probable that the future will see more urgent development of anti-tank air attack, for if the aeroplane can be provided with the appropriate projectile it becomes the most mobile anti-tank weapon. For such attacks the aeroplane must fly low. It must therefore be heavily armoured. Two developments in air-land warfare are thus probable: the production of (1) transport aircraft able to carry large tanks to their field of action, and (2) flying-tanks to defeat the land-tanks. Only a reduction in the duration of the War, coupled with the difficulties of introducing new productions in wartime, will prevent such air transports and weapons from being employed in the course of the present war.

The achievements of the Red Air Force, which have been mainly responsible for stretching the Luftwaffe to its limit, have surprised those who did not before the War study closely the trend of Russian air technique. The Russians were designing and building extremely clean and aerodynamically efficient aircraft many years before the War began; while their special long-distance record-breaking aircraft were remarkable in possessing cantilever wings (these are wings with no external bracing) with a greater aspect ratio (that is relation in length of wing-span to fore-and-aft wing-chord) than had been believed to be possible.

It was one of Hitler's serious blunders to underestimate the Red Air Force. But he was not alone in this. Many Britons did the same.

Bomber Command maintained its offensive against Germany, Italy, and occupied Europe, day bombing railway yards near Bruges on Feb. 2 and Abbeville on Feb. 2 and 3, St. Omer aerodrome on Feb. 3, railway yards at Caen on Feb. 10 and at Roosendaal (Holland) and Serqueux (N. France) on Feb. 11, and in N.W. Germany on Feb. 12. Night attacks were directed against Cologne (Feb. 2); Hamburg (Feb. 3); Turin, Spezia naval base, Lorient, and Ruhr (Feb. 4); mine-laying and Rhineland (Feb. 6); and Lorient and Ruhr (Feb. 7); Wilhelmshaven (Feb. 11); Lorient and W. Germany (Feb. 13); the Cologne, Hamburg, Turin, second and third Lorient raids were especially heavy; 48 bombers were lost in these day and night raids, 16 in the Hamburg raid. Germany has ordered the evacuation of all persons but essential workers from Brest and Lorient; it is probable that the reasons are scarcity of housing and desire for maximum dispersal of workers to give greater security from raids.

Coastal Command aircraft have continued to meet and fight Junkers 88 aircraft over the Bay of Biscay. One was shot down by a Halifax, and three by Beaufighters. These German patrol aircraft endeavour to protect the submarine lanes in and out of the Bay.

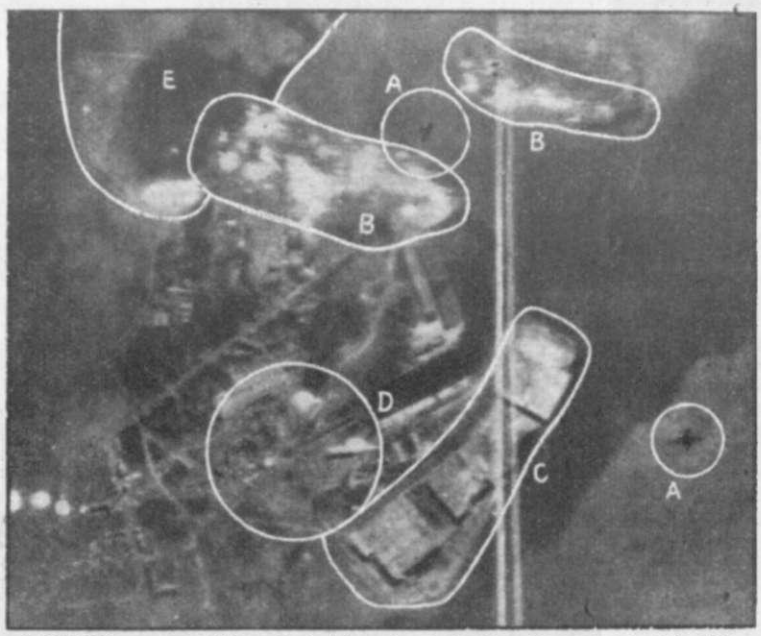
### APPROACHING Battle for Supremacy in the North African Sky

Fighter and Army Cooperation Commands continue to make sweeps over Occupied France and the Low Countries, attacking aircraft, trains, locomotives, lorries, barges, and coastal shipping.

German fighter-bombers have continued to make scattered day raids on South and East Coast English towns and villages. One raid on Feb. 10 was made by Dornier 217 bombers. Objectives appear to be the larger buildings, which involve schools, hospitals, churches, stores, and restaurants.

THE war in N. Africa has been quieter. Consolidation of command under Gen. Eisenhower in preparation for the Battle of Tunisia sees Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder in strategic command of all British and American aircraft, with Air Vice-Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham in tactical command; these two are the successful Egypt-Libya battle team. The battle for Tunisia will be waged fiercely in the air. All the fighters the Luftwaffe can spare from Western Europe and Russia have been sent there. The first part of the struggle must be for mastery of the sky, just as it was in Egypt. Large-scale ground fighting must await the end of the rainy season, which terminates in March.

Award of ten decorations to crews who, day-bombing Berlin on January 30, upset the broadcasts of Goering and Goebbels, confirms that each of the two raids was made by three aircraft. The squadrons who made the raids were Nos. 105 and 139. Other notable awards include two D.F.C.s and three D.F.M.s to the surviving members of the crew of eight in No. 149 Squadron's Stirling bomber which attacked the Fiat works in Turin on November 28, 1942, under the captaincy of Flight Sergeant R. H. Middleton of the R.A.A.F., who lost his life at the end of the return flight and was posthumously awarded the V.C. (*see* photo, p. 535).




**LORIENT was one of the principal targets of Bomber Command in Feb. 1943. This photo shows the attack on Feb. 7-8: A, two bombers over target; B, sticks of incendiary bombs burning; C, concrete submarine pens; D, radial slips turntable; E, smoke from large fire. (See also illus. p. 585).**

*Photo, British Official*

# Lancasters over Hamburg: High Level of Daring

**CROSSING THE NORTH SEA IN A GALE,** one of the worst for many years, R.A.F. bombers on Jan. 30, 1943 raided Hamburg for the 94th time. In 30 minutes a great weight of 4,000 and 8,000 lb. H.E.s was "cascaded" on the dock and U-boat yards, which stretch for 9 miles along the Elbe, and huge fires were left raging. This photo gives a vivid impression of the raid as it appeared to the crew of a Lancaster. Another Lancaster is seen silhouetted against a background of fire and flak.

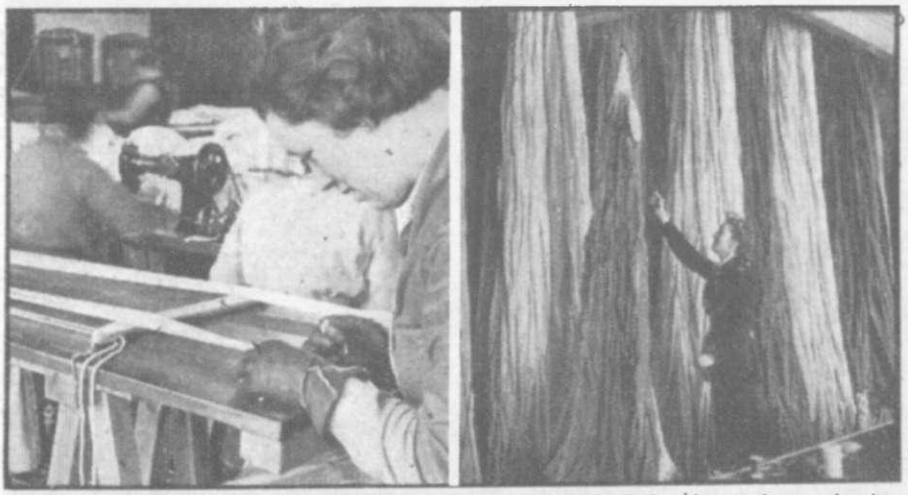


*Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

# On the Way It's Packed A Life May Depend

Sailing down through the air, the airman who has just escaped from his blazing plane, and the paratroops descending from the aerial troop-carrier, are sustained by their parachutes until they reach Mother Earth with never a broken bone, not even—most likely—a sprained ankle. In the article printed below, ROBERT DE WITT gives some interesting facts concerning this vital new appliance in the equipment of modern war.

THE parachute is no longer simply the "lifebuoy" of the air, saving the life of an airman in a crashing plane. It is used deliberately by hundreds, even thousands, of men every day in the airborne divisions. Paratroops nearly always jump from a low level; and for them, perhaps, even more than for airmen the instantaneous opening of the parachute without a hitch is a matter of life and death. This opening depends upon the huge circle of silk and hundreds of feet of fine cords being correctly packed. The thousands of men and women engaged in packing parachutes have, therefore, exceptionally responsible work, a life depending literally on every movement of their dexterous fingers.



**PACKING PARACHUTES is a highly skilled and responsible job. Left, this parachute-maker is fastening cords to metal rings fitted to harness. She ties them with a special knot. Right, a member of the W.A.A.F. prepares parachutes ready for packing.**

*Photos, British Official; Pictorial Press*

The layman presented with the billowing folds of a parachute and told to pack it in the canvas holder would probably wrestle for an hour or two with the cords and silk, and end up with a roll several times too big for the pack! But in the hands of the experienced W.A.A.F. silk and cords seem to fall almost naturally into place, and it is only ten minutes before the parachute has been folded into a long triangle of silk, the cords separated and placed in their retainers. The triangle is folded until it seems to fit neatly into the pack.

THIS skill comes only with intensive training. The student packer is shown how to hold the "peak" of the parachute in place on a hook at one end of the 40-foot-long table provided, and then separate the panels and cords. The standard parachute has 96 panels made of some sixty yards of silk, and 24 silk cords joining it to the harness. Little bags of shot help to keep the soft silk in position on the table as she works, her eye open for the slightest flaw in any part of the parachute as her fingers smooth the folds. The seams are numbered to facilitate getting an even number on each side. It will be seen that the packer has to start with number 13 on one side going up to 24, numbers 1 to 12 being on the other side. But skill matters in this task, not superstition.

All the time it is impressed upon the packer that the slightest carelessness may result in a serious accident or even a death. "Always think that it is your husband or your fiancé that is going to wear this parachute," one instructor says to his pupils. The fact that parachute accidents due to faulty packing are almost unknown shows that the girls are fully alive to their responsibilities. Indeed, more than one parachutist has remarked to a packer that he would rather make a dozen jumps than pack a parachute for someone else—much too responsible a job!

Before the student is "passed out" and licensed to pack parachutes, there is a severe test. A parachute must be packed in a given time—half an hour, but it is not so much the time that counts as absolute accuracy. Before the War a licence to pack parachutes was prized. Very few women were qualified, and the work was done by non-commissioned officers in the R.A.F. Today hundreds of W.A.A.F.s have qualified for the work. Anyone who makes a mistake may have the licence revoked. I have not heard of any instances in Britain, but not long ago the licence of a parachute "rigger" in the U.S. was revoked "for inspecting, repacking and certifying as airworthy a parachute when in fact it was unairworthy."

MAKING sure that the parachute and harness are in perfect condition is a not less important part of the packer's work than actually packing them. Every inch of the silk and cords is inspected, and the slightest fraying or weakness results in the parachute being put aside for repair—a new silk panel inserted or a new cord attached. Small repairs are done in the packing room where sewing machines, etc., are installed.

Damp is the parachute's greatest enemy. The packing-rooms at large air stations are air-conditioned, the warmed and dried air circulating round the canopies hung from pulleys in the ceiling and looking like monstrous ghosts. Every time a parachute is packed it gets an air of from ten to forty-eight hours. The difficulty of drying is increased at some stations in notoriously damp parts of the British Isles. At aerodromes just behind the front it is not always possible to get these ideal conditions. Then either large buildings like barns are converted into packing-rooms, or the packing may be done in the open on gigantic waterproof sheets spread on the ground.

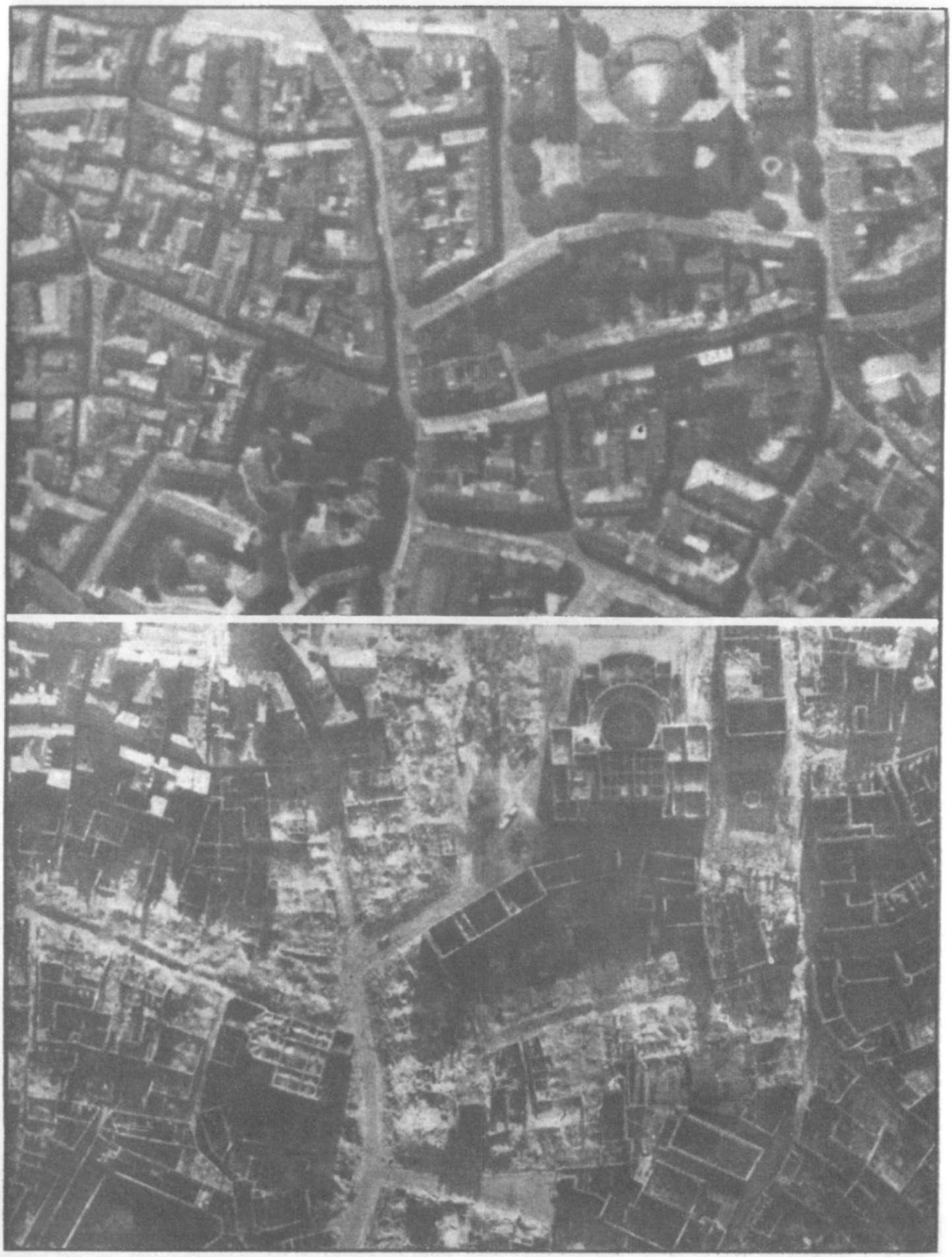
Whether it is used or not, the rule is that every parachute must be examined and repacked at least once a month. What a contrast with the old days when few airmen "believed" in parachutes and sometimes did not unpack them for a year or more. Incidentally, although such extreme care is rightly taken in correct packing, it is by no means certain that a badly-packed parachute would fail to open.

EVERY parachute when it comes from the manufacturer has been severely tested at every stage of its manufacture, and when passed it is given a number and a "log book." In this log is recorded its final test and then, week by week, every incident in its life. All repairs are noted. A diagram of the parachute facilitates instructions for major repairs without actual marking of the delicate silk of the parachute itself. A "live" jump is recorded in red, and if the parachute has been used in wet weather this is recorded. Every time it is packed the packer signs the log. This brings home and emphasizes the responsibility for another person's safety.

Between the men and women who pack the parachutes and the men who use them there is often a very real comradeship. Airmen who have jumped and saved their lives often come into the packing-room and thank the W.A.A.F. who packed the parachutes. After the Battle of Britain one packer whose parachutes had saved the lives of some dozen pilots in the course of two months was presented with a cigarette-case engraved with the autographs of all the grateful pilots.

**CORPORAL 'JEAN,' 19-year-old W.A.A.F., receives Sergt.-Pilot J. R. McLeod's congratulations on the efficiency of her packing. He could speak with feeling, since it was to this that he owed his safety when he jumped by parachute from his blazing Spitfire. He is the fourth airman to thank this W.A.A.F. girl for saving his life.** *Photo G.P.U.*

# This Is What Our Heavy Bombers Did to Mainz



R.A.F. ATTACKS ON MAINZ, the Rhineland transport centre, on August 11-12 and 12-13, 1942, were among the heaviest blows delivered at that time by our bombers. The top photograph shows the area round the Municipal Theatre (large domed building) before these devastating raids. Below, the same area three months later. Clearance work has been done, and many buildings swept away. Seven out of every ten houses in Mainz were reported to have been wrecked.



Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

# THE HOME FRONT

*by* E. Royston Pike

SPRING is the season of hope, and this year there's a dash of optimism in the air which makes us think that it is not altogether untimely to give a thought to the things to come when the War has been won and has passed into history. At about this stage in the First World War there was much talk of Reconstruction, with a capital R, and not a little planning and preparation. Those who were internationally minded were busy paving the way for the League of Nations, already taking shape in the brains of Lord Robert Cecil and General Smuts, Lord Phillimore and President Wilson; while those whose fancy turned to things nearer home found abundant scope for their reforming zeal. Mr. Fisher was piloting his Education Bill through the Commons, and Dr. Addison was presiding over a special Ministry of Reconstruction. Plans, wonderful plans, were being drawn up for the building of a multitude of houses, those "homes for heroes" which, alas, became all too surely a synonym for broken promises. Women's suffrage was rapidly passing into law, and Arthur Henderson was overhauling the Labour Party machine in readiness for the coming battle of the polls.

LOOKING back on those days is no altogether pleasant occupation for those of us who belong to what may be called the disillusioned generation. Our hopes were great, our disappointment correspondingly great. There was a slump and then a boom, and then another and far greater slump. The fruits of the war had a bitter, bitter taste. Those were what Mr. H. G. Wells, with his customary pungency, has called the fatuous twenties and the frightened thirties. No, it is not pleasant to recall these things, those years so characterized by frustration, so filled to the brim with disappointed hopes, with schemes gone awry. And yet, if we have not become dry and wrinkled and completely cynical, we cannot fail to welcome the signs (and they are many) of another chance being given us, of another opportunity being afforded of doing what a generation ago we ought to have done, could have done, but in our stupidity failed to do.

ALTHOUGH little or nothing has been revealed as yet, it is understood that the Government are working on a number of projects which will soon be exposed to the parliamentary air. Mr. Butler has an Education Bill in preparation; Mr. Hudson is attempting nothing less than the putting of British agriculture on so firm a soil that it will never revert to that state of neglect that was one of the most disgraceful features of our pre-War economy; Mr. Brown is laying the foundations of a much healthier, and therefore happier, Britain; Sir William Jowitt, Lord Portal, Mr. W. S. Morrison—these and many another of their ministerial colleagues are deeply engaged in the fine art of political incubation. Then there is Mr. Bevin . . .

When, after much preliminary sparring, the Minister of Labour's Catering Wages Bill was introduced in the House of Commons, it gave rise to a debate marked by an outburst of opposition by a considerable section of M.P.s as remarkable as (in these days of national government) it is rare.

The Bill proposes to establish a Statutory Commission of seven members empowered to examine the arrangements for regulating the pay and conditions of work in the catering trades (generally alleged to be amongst the most unorganized in the country), to report where these are adequate or can be made adequate, and to make proposals for the setting up of Wages Boards where these are considered to be necessary. In moving the second reading on February 9, Mr. Bevin argued that the Bill was not controversial: it was simply the development of a policy that had been followed for more than fifty years—a reference in particular to the Trade Boards Act of 1909, when Mr. Churchill was at the Board of Trade. "I need the Bill for the War," declared the Minister of Labour; he could not order people to take up work in the catering industry under an essential work order if he were not satisfied that they would receive fair wages and would work under decent conditions. He needed it, too, for the peace; after the War "the first thing the people of Britain will want will be a holiday," and he wanted to ensure that it was a health-giving holiday. Then great numbers of visitors would be coming to this country, "to see battle-scarred Britain and the people who stood up to the blitz," and hotel-keeping might well become a major industry. Before the War about 500,000 people were employed in the catering trades; this figure might be doubled, if not trebled. But the industry must be organized. Drudgery ought to be wiped out; there ought to be a wage at the end of the week, and not just what the worker could get by way of tips. The industry must be made efficient so as to attract enterprise, opportunity and capital. "I am not socializing the industry . . . No one could make a better conservative speech than that . . ."

**MR. AND MRS. BEVIN** join in a vigorous chorus with these men of the Merchant Navy during the Minister of Labour's recent visit to a N.E. area. *Photo, Daily Mirror*

MOVING the rejection of the Bill, Sir Douglas Hacking denounced it as a "monster of bureaucratic autocracy," a distinct breach of the understanding not to introduce "controversial" matters in wartime. A hard-hitting debate ensued; deep feeling was displayed and given voice. On the one side were those who felt that the Bill was another step along the road to nationalization; on the other those who maintained that catering, at least in some of its branches, was a sweated industry. When the division was taken, 115 members (111 of whom were Conservatives) supported Sir Douglas Hacking; into the Government lobby there poured 285 (107 Conservatives, 138 Labour, and the rest Liberals, etc.). Mr. Bevin's opponents hailed the vote as a moral victory, and urged him to drop the Bill. But this he showed no intention of doing, although, of course, there would be opportunities for its amendment on the committee stage.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the debate was the marked division of opinion between those of whatever party who hanker after a policy of as little Government intervention as possible in the industrial sphere, and those who look on the State as the instrument of great social and economic change. This division gave rise, just a week later, to another battle when the Commons debated an all-party motion welcoming the Beveridge Report on Social Security. The motion was moved on February 16 by Mr. A. Greenwood who, when Minister without Portfolio responsible for the planning of post-war reconstruction, set Sir William Beveridge his task. No document within living memory had stirred such hopes, said Mr. Greenwood, or made such a powerful impression as the Beveridge Report. "The people of this country," he declared, "have made up their minds irrevocably to see the plan in its broad lines carried into operation." Sir John Anderson followed with the announcement that the Government accepted in principle the Beveridge Report, and promised that with as little delay as possible the scheme would be shaped and put into legislative form. But some of the younger Conservatives were not quite satisfied; they urged that a Minister of Social Security should be set up forthwith; and there was promise of considerable support for a Labour amendment urging "the reconsideration of the Government's policy with a view to the early implementation of the plan." However, Mr. Herbert Morrison, winding up for the Government, was able to convince many of the waverers that the Cabinet really did "mean business," and in the division the Government had a majority of 217—336 votes to 119.

ONE hundred thousand families are living in houses which were condemned as unsuitable for human habitation three years ago, revealed Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, in the House of Commons not long since. Practically no new houses have been built since the War; most of the builders have been called up, and materials have been urgently required for other jobs. Hundreds of thousands of houses have been destroyed or seriously damaged. In the country the housing shortage has become so acute that the Ministry of Health has launched what it describes as "a modest building programme." It is indeed modest, since it aims at providing 3,000 cottages this year. Of these Lincolnshire, which has the reputation of the blackest housing area in rural England, is to have 228, Yorkshire 218, Devonshire 116, and Norfolk 90. Not 3,000, but 30,000—some say as many as 250,000—rural cottages are required at once. And they must be at rents the farm-workers can afford to pay. Thirteen shillings a week, the rate proposed for the new cottages, is said to be too high; the rent should be nearer the 4s. or 5s. that is now the usual charge.

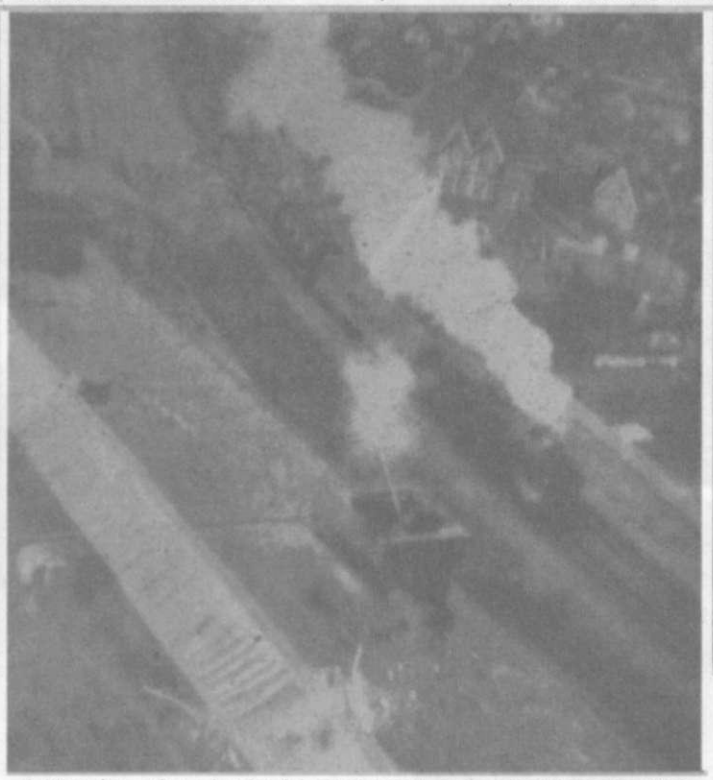
WHEN a few weeks ago some three dozen children in a London school were killed by a German bomb, the news was received with universal shock. And shocking indeed it was. But isn't it just as shocking that last year 1,315 children were killed on our roads? Perhaps even more shocking. We know that bombs are no respecters of persons, slaying the tottering patriarch and the baby in its cradle with a fine impartiality. Bombs are meant to kill; and now that war is a totalitarian business we are all in the front line. But those who die on the roads are the victims of human carelessness, of what is sometimes criminal negligence. Since the beginning of the blitz in September 1940 (notes The Economist) about 5,500 children have been killed in air raids; from the beginning of 1940 to the end of 1942 nearly 4,000 were killed on the roads. Of a truth we all need awakening to "the needless, senseless tragedy taking place on Britain's roads."

# New Names on the R.A.F.'s Roll of Heroes

Actg. F/L. W. V. CRAWFORD-COMPTON, awarded a Bar to his D.F.C. for remarkable skill and daring. He has repeatedly led his flight on numerous operational sorties over enemy territory and, in addition to his brilliant leadership, he has destroyed 7 enemy aircraft.

Actg. S/L. H. J. L. HALLOWES, D.F.M. and Bar, awarded the D.F.C. for his unswerving devotion to duty. An outstanding and relentless fighter, he has brought down 19 enemy aircraft and has damaged many others. He represents the highest traditions of the R.A.F.

F/L. E. E. COATE, R.A.A.F., awarded the D.F.C. He has been engaged in operations both in the W. Desert and from Malta, and has destroyed many enemy machines. In Nov. 1942 he shot down a B.V. 222 in flames (see illus. p. 473.) and damaged a Dornier 24.



A Mosquito makes a low-level daylight attack on the Hazemeyer electrical plant at Hengelo, Holland. Enemy A.A. gun opens fire from a flak tower.

Actg. F/L. A. D. FRECKER, R.A.F.V.R., awarded the D.F.C. An exceptionally able pilot, he took part in many attacks on enemy shipping, and has destroyed 4 German aircraft. He was born in 1913, and joined the R.A.F.V.R. two years before War.

P/O. C. H. HARRIS-ST. JOHN, awarded the D.F.C. last Oct. for brilliant reconnaissance photography which proved invaluable to our daring combined operational raid on Dieppe on Aug. 19, 1942.

F/O. A. H. BURR, whose award of the D.F.C. was recently announced. He attacked 15 enemy bombers menacing a convoy bound for Russia and hit three of them. The rest of the enemy fled.

Actg. S/L. R. P. BEAMONT, whose award of a Bar to his D.F.C. was announced on Jan. 22, 1943. In five weeks he damaged 12 enemy locomotives. He won the D.F.C. in 1941.

*Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Fox, G.P.U. Topical Press*

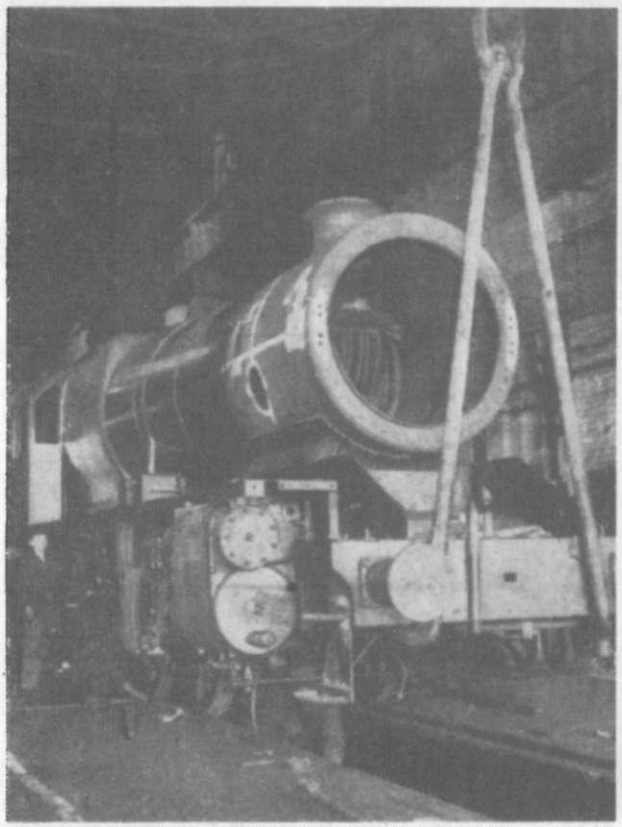
# Round the Country with Our Roving Camera

**NATIONAL GALLERY ART TREASURES** are stored in air-conditioned subterranean caves in which the temperature and humidity are scientifically controlled. Housed in six separate "buildings," they are immune from air attack inasmuch as the underground working in which they are stored has between 200 ft. and 300 ft. of rock cover. Machinery controls the temperature and the ¼-mile of miniature railway.

Right, packed in a special sealed container, pictures are seen on their way to the studio, hewn out of rock in the heart of the mountain. Below, canvases ready for inspection. To save space oblong paintings are placed on end.

**BRITAIN'S LARGEST VILLAGE GREEN**—at Great Bentley, near Ipswich—has now been ploughed up so that potatoes may be planted on its 50 acres. Above, village children are watching their centuries-old green being ploughed by 18 year-old George Bennett, driving a tractor.

**'SAFETY FIRST.'** Police throughout the country are cooperating with education authorities in an effort to reduce the number of road accidents to children. Below, a police officer demonstrates the Safety Code on a blackboard, with the aid of charts and posters.



**BRITISH ENGINES FOR RUSSIA.** This L.M.S. 2-8-0 locomotive seen in course of construction was designed to haul heavy freight trains. Many of these engines have gone abroad, notably to the U.S.S.R., where they are contributing in no small measure to our Ally's magnificent war effort.

*Photos, Keystone, Fox, Topical Press*

# I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

## *My Escape from Germany—by General Giraud*

Captured in 1940 during the Battle of France, and imprisoned in Castle Koenigstein, in Germany, Henri Honoré Giraud—now French Civil and Military Commander-in-Chief in Africa—tells G. Ward Price (War Correspondent of The Daily Mail, from which the astonishing story is reprinted) how he escaped from his cell and eventually reached North Africa to fight again. (See also page 486.)

**GEN. GIRAUD (left) and Gen. Noguès, en route to a military parade in French N. Africa. Gen. Giraud's own story of his escape from Germany is told in this page.**
*Photo, Planet News*

FOR eight months after I fell into German hands my old wounds kept me a cripple, walking on two sticks. But in January 1941 I began to plan my escape.

Like my fellow French prisoners I was allowed to take daily exercise in the castle garden. From its parapet one looked down a 150-ft. precipice on to rough ground covered with bush. I discovered a corner of the garden which was out of sight of the sentry on the watchtower. This was the point I chose for my escape.

I began to make systematic plans for it which took the whole year. For months I secretly collected every bit of cord and string I could lay my hands on, to make a rope. Working only at night, I twisted and spliced them into a rope of nine strands, about as thick as two fingers. I would make a piece about two yards long, and then hide it in the garden.

IT was soon evident that I couldn't make the rope strong enough to bear my weight, 13½ st. Fortunately I had an old friend in France with whom I had arranged a simple letter-writing code in case I should be taken prisoner again.

I used this to write and ask for lengths of rubber-insulated copper telephone wire to be sent to me hidden in tins of jam. As this gradually arrived I wrapped it round my rope to strengthen it and give it a better grip. And I requested my wife to send me large quantities of chocolate at frequent intervals. She had no suspicion that I wanted it to sell through another prisoner to Germans at half the market price. In this way I accumulated 600 marks as funds for my escape.

With some of this money I bought secretly an old pair of civilian trousers and a battered raincoat, which I hid in my cell. Meanwhile I used my code to arrange, months ahead, for a daring French agent to be sent to meet me at a rendezvous a few miles from Koenigstein on the day I planned to attempt escape.

I also managed to get hold of a blank German identity card. This I filled up with a description of myself as a commercial traveller in artificial silk. Meanwhile I saved up enough food from parcels to last me three days. I had biscuits, cheese, sugar, and a bottle of brandy.

At last the day came. I had to make the attempt in broad daylight as I couldn't reach the garden at night. Every quarter of an hour a German N.C.O. patrolled it, so at 9.45 that morning, when I was waiting near my buried rope, I made a joke with him as he passed.

The instant he was out of sight I dragged my rope from its hiding-place, fastened it to a convenient staple in the wall, climbed the parapet, and began to slide down. I had to go slowly for fear of losing my grip. It took me four minutes to descend 150 feet. Then I hid in a clump of bushes and looked up at the parapet. No sign of any excitement, so I shaved off my moustache, put on a pair of dark glasses, threw away my general's uniform, and dressed myself in the civilian trousers and raincoat I had brought down with me.

Then I walked quite openly along the road towards the rendezvous I had fixed for my friendly agent to meet me with complete civilian outfit. At the prearranged place a workman, carrying a small suitcase, met me. "Morgen, Heinrich," he said. It was my confederate.

In the nearest wood I changed into full civilian kit, complete with hat, and walking boldly to the next station I took the train for Breslau. I knew the Germans would expect me to make for France, so I deliberately headed east.

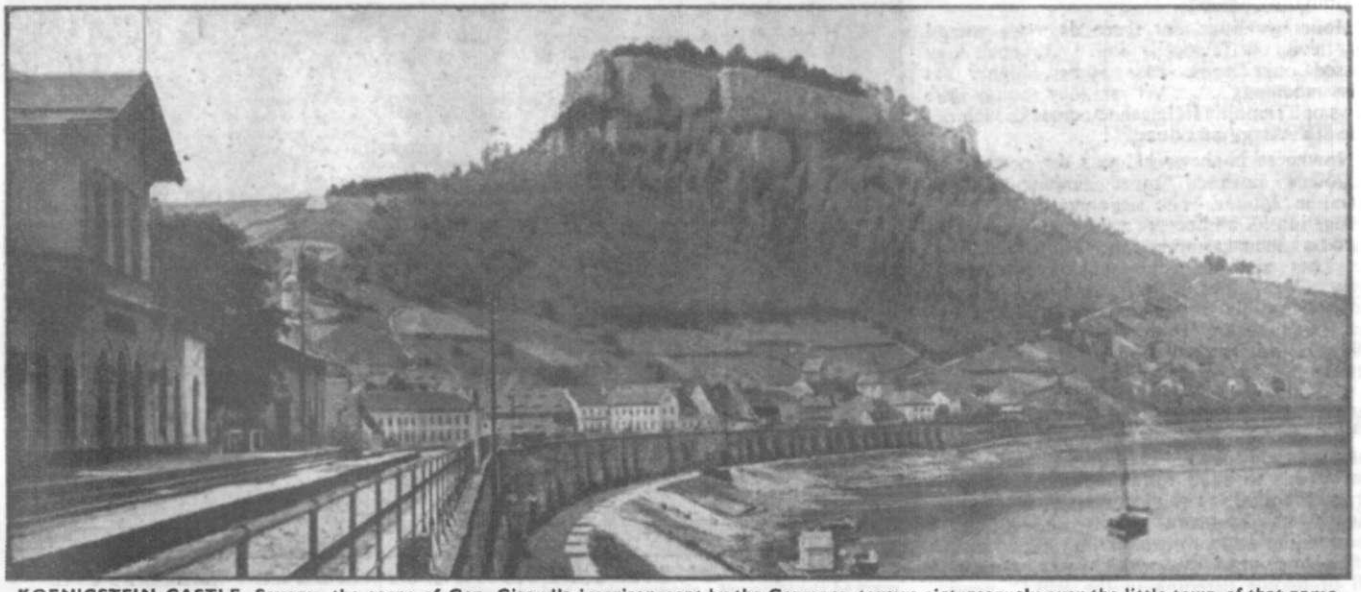
IN the course of a week I saw several newly posted placards on the walls offering a reward of 100,000 marks for my arrest. They contained a photograph of myself, which, fortunately, was a very bad one. Only once did I nearly get caught.

My train stopped for a long time at a wayside station, and it was evident that a specially strict examination of identity papers was going on. In the 2nd-class carriage in which I was travelling was an officer of one of Rommel's panzer divisions. He had the words "Afrika Korps" on his sleeve and wore the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross, so he was evidently a distinguished person. As the examiners approached, I engaged this officer in conversation. Though doubtless a good soldier he did not look particularly intelligent.

NEVER was Rommel so lauded to the skies as by me in that talk, which secured for me the indulgent attention of my fellow-passenger. The result was that when the Gestapo man arrived in my compartment he scrutinized everyone else's papers, but didn't venture to demand to inspect those of a civilian who was apparently on intimate terms with the highly-decorated German officer.

At last I reached a point near the Swiss frontier. I knew the ground well, having been there to shoot in peacetime. But the border was closely guarded. There was a sentry every 100 yards, with patrols constantly passing between.

By night I crept into the heart of thick bushes a few yards from the frontier and lay there from one o'clock in the morning till six. I was unable to stir a hand or a foot as two of the sentries came and stood within a few yards of me. I could hear them talking. Improbable as it sounds, they were actually discussing my escape. I lay as still as a corpse. At last, nearing six in the morning, when I was aching with cramp and almost



**KOENIGSTEIN CASTLE, Saxony, the scene of Gen. Giraud's imprisonment by the Germans, towers picturesquely over the little town of that name on the River Elbe. Gen. Giraud spent many months in this inaccessible fortress, and the dramatic details of his subsequent escape make fascinating reading. He arrived in Switzerland on April 21, 1942, and reached Algeria in a British submarine just before the North African campaign began in November last year.**
*Photo E.N.A.*

exhausted, one said to the other: "Well, he hasn't come. Perhaps we shall have better luck this evening. It's time to get breakfast."

A quarter of an hour later I was in Switzerland. When I eventually got back to France the Gestapo shadowed me everywhere for six months. I lay low in various places, but all the time I was in touch with the Americans.

Finally, on November 2 last year, I got a secret communication telling me of the Anglo-American landing due to take place in N. Africa six days later. Would I come over by submarine to cooperate with the Allies?

Then started another series of adventures. With my son and three officers who were with me I rowed out over a rough sea by night to meet, a mile off shore, the submarine sent to fetch me.

We could just make out its dark shape lying on the surface. We exchanged prearranged recognition signals with flashlamps. As I was boarding the sloping hull I slipped, but didn't fall into the sea. I was seized and pulled on board when the water was up to my knees. Much more difficult was the transfer next morning from the submarine to a seaplane which met us out in the Mediterranean.

The only means of getting from one to the other was by a rubber dinghy paddled by two young Commandos whom the submarine had brought, specially chosen for their skill and strength. This light craft danced like a cork on the steep waves. The commander of the submarine thought I would never do it, but at 63 I am still pretty supple, and I just managed to scramble in.

When we got to the seaplane a burly young Canadian leaned out and called: "Stretch out your arms and I'll catch you by the wrists." I did so, and as the dinghy shot upwards on the crest of the wave he by sheer strength swung me on board.

# *In Malta We Went Nearly Mad with Joy*

From a Malta "intoxicated with good news" comes this joyous letter to the Editor. Our young Maltese correspondent, John Mizzi, has sent us many vivid communications during the dark months of the George Cross island's travail. Here he records the excitement when news came that Tripoli had fallen, and Malta's long siege was raised. Mightily changed conditions are indicated by the fact that his letter was only 15 days in transit.

I HAVE many a time written about Malta under fire; now, at last, I can write about Malta as we knew it before the war, happy and proud! I am typing this by the light of a small paraffin lamp on the evening of January 23, from a Malta intoxicated with good news. Tripoli at last has fallen! We in Malta toiled, suffered, some of us died, but at last our struggle has borne fruit. We are nearly all mad with joy. For two long years have we waited for this day, two years of death, destruction and hunger.

> Say not the struggle naught availeth,
> The labour and the wounds are vain. . .

How far away seems June 1940! As I look back to the dark months through which we have passed, especially to those fierce days of 1942, how proud I feel! I can picture the German planes criss-crossing across the blue sky, weaving in and out of A.A. puffs, scattering bombs right and left. But they are only pictures now. We are top dogs at last. Those days of March, of April, and of May will go down in history and there they will remain. Those days, those moments of fears and havoc will never darken the pages of humanity again!

Hour by hour, for three days we waited for news of Tripoli's fall. As each day passed our hopes rose higher, higher till this morning . . . At midday today the news of Tripoli's fall flashed across the Island. The 8th Army had done it!

Nowhere in the world was the news more anxiously awaited, more heartily received than in Malta. The siege had been lifted, a siege in all its horrors: death, ruin. Malta cried as the news spread, not tears of sorrow, but hot tears of pride and uncontrollable joy. Even the ruins of buildings seemed majestic as they reminded us of the "days that have been," days that are no more. History will record the day in sparkling letters.

AT midday, whilst I was at the office, a friend of mine came running in, beaming and eyes wide open. "It's ours!" He forced the words through a radiant mouth. We all turned round as if by magic, for we all knew what he meant. I closed the book I was reading and ran out of the office into a coffee-shop near by, which was crammed full of people listening to the B.B.C. news. I chose a likely victim, disfigured my face with a broad smile, and blurted out "Ours?" "Yes, sir; at last," he replied, "it is ours. Tripoli! Tripoli is in our hands!"

His voice trailed away as I ran into a near-by club, where in solitude a man was sitting near a radio, smiling and rubbing his hands. I went and sat near him. He smiled at me, and I returned his smile. The B.B.C. reporter in Egypt in a steady voice was giving the latest news from the front. Tears of happiness sprang into my eyes as emotion got the better of me. The Maltese announcer on the local broadcasting station was shouting, "*Tripli taghna. Ifirhu!* I repeat, Tripoli is ours. Rejoice!"

As I hurriedly left the club I saw a flag scaling a flagpole to flutter to the rhythm of the breeze and happy Maltese hearts. The men around me, and those children playing at soldiers, oh, how they have suffered! But now they will suffer no more. Malta, we haye not failed thee!

I HAVE just come from Valetta, where, amidst the ruins of the buildings, the flags of the United Nations present a striking contrast. The air vibrates with relief. The narrow streets are canopied with flags of Malta with a George Cross superimposed. Under these walk the commen men and women of Malta, mere actors in this world drama, but principal actors none the less. Navy, Army and Air Force uniforms flitter here and there, and on many a breast rests the ribbon of a medal. Planes flit across the sky on the way to or from Tripolitania and Tunisia. Yes, they are striking out in defiance, not hitting back in defence. Verily, "the pages of scrapbook turn."

By the time this letter is published perhaps the enthusiasm may have died out, but the effect of today's events will for ever be felt. Malta has been relieved, thank God! You in Britain may have given a thought to us in Malta as you heard the news. I thank you, and before I end this letter may I wish you all the best.

**REJOICINGS IN MALTA** over the Eighth Army's triumphal entry into Tripoli on Jan. 23, 1943 marked the lifting of a shadow which had loomed over the island for many a long and weary month. Now, however, Malta's nightmare was over at last. Maltese children, carrying the flags of a number of the United Nations, are shown in this photograph parading the streets of the sorely-blitzed Valetta. *Photo, British Official*

# *I'm One of the Dutchmen Lent to the British Navy*

Serving with our Royal Navy, a young Dutch seaman tells here of his experiences in a cruiser escorting a convoy to North Russia—of how hell suddenly broke loose for the Nazis diving from the sky, and why he twice "shook hands with himself."

I WAS a landlubber; they made a sailor out of me. I'm proud of it. Now I have been lent to the British Navy to gain experience. I am pleased about that. The food is different from the food in our ships, but food is not so important; they could serve me stinging nettles, so long as I can see German aircraft drop into the water.

I have been to Russia with a convoy—you know, the kind that never arrives; according to the Germans! I was in a cruiser. Just before we joined the convoy the Commander discussed the whole thing with us, telling us what we were going to do, how long the voyage would take, what attacks we might expect, and other details. The first part of the voyage was rather quiet, except for U-boats and the noise of depth charges exploding day and night. There must have been a noise in those Huns' heads in their U-boats as well.

Whenever something important happened the first officer's quiet voice told us all about it through a loudspeaker. It was as exciting as a football match broadcast by Han Hollander at home. Only Han Hollander used to get excited when a goal was made, whereas these ice-cold English do these things in their own quiet way. You heard him say: "There are six planes coming along at low altitude on port, now there are only five, now there are four . . ."

We stood at our alarm-posts all the time. For many days there was no hot food—when the British fight they all fight, the cooks as well. But even then those chaps found time to bring everyone his food at his post. The broadcasting officer would say: "If So-and-so will go to the port anti-aircraft gun he will find his sausage, and if he is quick he will find it hot."

Then the real fun began—torpedo-bombers, high-level-bombers, dive-bombers. The first day with those Hun torpedo-bombers was worst for me—I had to get used to them. It is a weird experience to hear over the loudspeaker that 42 of those things are coming straight at you over the water. The first look at them was rather sickening. But then our own guns began to fire, and hell broke loose for the Huns.

The last torpedo-bomber had not gone before the high-altitude-bombers came along. Those rats had the advantage of low clouds, so that one seldom saw the planes. Suddenly we heard two terrific explosions, and the unmoved voice of the officer at his loud-speaker announced that two thousand-pound bombs had been dropped 15 metres to starboard. I swallowed, and shook hands with myself. I shook hands with myself again when I heard that the destroyer had sunk a U-boat, and that there was a lot of wreckage and oil and fresh vegetables floating about amid the ice. When the Commander asked if the destroyer was quite sure, she answered that the vegetables could not possibly come from her as she hadn't seen any for two weeks.

Finally we handed over the convoy to our Russian friends, who had come to meet us.

**IN CONVOY TO RUSSIA. Some idea of the risks taken by our U.S.S.R.-bound ships may be had from the accompanying account. Our photo shows an A.A. rocket being loaded in anticipation of a dive-bomber attack** **(see p. 188).** *Photo, Associated Press*

I am glad I went on the trip. We gave the Huns a beating, and I'm pleased to think I, as a Dutchman, had a hand in that. My comrades and I, we all work for the good cause, in Dutch submarines or destroyers or minesweepers, or flying Dutch planes, or serving with the Merchant Navy.

# OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

***FEB. 3, 1943, Wednesday*** *1,250th day*

**Air.**—R.A.F. and U.S. aircraft raided Abbeville and St. Omer. Heavy night raid on Hamburg.

**North Africa.**—British troops in Tunisia captured a ridge of Jebel Mansour.

**Russian Front.**—Soviet troops occupied Krasny-Liman, in Ukraine, and Kuschevka, S. of Rostov.

**General.**—German radio announced three-day mourning for 6th Army at Stalingrad.

***FEB. 4, Thursday*** *1,251st day*

**Air.**—U.S. bombers made daylight raid on N.W. Germany; 25 German fighters destroyed at cost of five bombers. Night raids by R.A.F. on Turin, Spezia, Lorient and the Ruhr.

**Russian Front.**—Kupiansk in the Ukraine and Shchigry and Tim, E. of Kursk, captured by Soviet troops.

**Burma.**—R.A.F. Liberators made heavy raid on Rangoon docks.

**Australasia.**—U.S. Fortresses again bombed Rabaul; Lae, Gasmata and Buin also raided.

***FEB. 5, Friday*** *1,252nd day*

**North Africa.**—Under enemy pressure our troops withdrew from Jebel Mansour in Tunisia.

**Mediterranean.**—Palermo harbour raided by Allied bombers.

**Russian Front.**—Stary Oskol, W. of Kursk, and Izyum in the Ukraine occupied by Soviet troops.

**Australasia.**—Japanese troops evacuating Guadalcanal under cover of air attacks.

**General.**—Mussolini became Italian Foreign Minister in place of Ciano appointed ambassador to Vatican.

***FEB. 6, Saturday*** *1,253rd day*

**Russian Front.**—Lisichansk and Barvenkovo in Ukraine, Bataisk, S. of Rostov, and Yeisk on Sea of Azov occupied by Russians.

**Australasia.**—In air engagements over Wau, New Guinea, 41 Jap aircraft were destroyed or damaged.

**U.S.A.**—U.S. aircraft raided Kiska, Aleutians.

***FEB. 7, Sunday*** *1,254th day*

**Air.**—Heaviest raid yet on U-boat base of Lorient.

**Libya.**—Eighth Army in contact with enemy W. of Pisida, on Tunisian frontier.

**Mediterranean.**—Large-scale daylight raids on Naples and Cagliari, Sardinia; night raids on other airfields in Sardinia.

**Russian Front.**—Soviet troops captured German base of Kursk, Kramatorskaya in the Ukraine and Azov, at mouth of Don.

**Burma.**—R.A.F. Liberators made heavy attack on Rangoon.

**General.**—Mr. Churchill arrived back in London.

***FEB. 8, Monday*** *1,255th day*

**Mediterranean.**—Heavy daylight raid on Messina; Palermo bombed by night.

**Russian Front.**—Korocha, N.E. of Byelgorod, occupied by Soviet troops.

**Australasia.**—Dutch and Australian bombers raided Dobo in Aru Is.

***FEB. 9, Tuesday*** *1,256th day*

**Mediterranean.**—U.S. bombers attacked aerodromes in Crete.

**Russian Front.**—Byelgorod, N. of Kharkov, captured by Soviet troops.

***FEB. 10, Wednesday*** *1,257th day.*

**Sea.**—Admiralty announced loss of submarine P 48.

**North Africa.**—Eighth Army in contact with enemy E. of Ben Gardane in Tunisia.

**Mediterranean.**—Allied air attacks on Palermo and railways in Sicily.

**Russian Front.**—Volchansk and Chuguyev in Ukraine captured by Red Army.

**Australasia.**—U.S. commander on Guadalcanal announced that the island was free of Japanese organized forces.

**General.**—Paris radio announced that Lorient and Brest were to be evacuated.

***FEB. 11, Thursday*** *1,258th day*

**Air.**—R.A.F. made heavy night raid on Wilhelmshaven; arsenal blown up.

**Russian Front.**—Lozovaya rly. junction, S. of Kharkov, captured by Russians.

**Australasia.**—Japs continued to withdraw in Wau area of New Guinea.

**General.**—French warships, including battleship Richelieu, arrived in U.S. ports for refitting.

Announced that Gen. Alexander to be deputy C.-in-C. to Gen. Eisenhower in N. Africa.

***FEB. 12, Friday*** *1,259th day*

**Russian Front.**—Krasnodar in the Kuban, Shakhty, N. of Rostov, and Krasnoarmeisk and Voroshilovsk in the Ukraine captured by Soviet troops.

**Burma.**—U.S. bombers again attacked Myitnge railway bridge and also raided Rangoon.

***FEB. 13, Saturday*** *1,260th day*

**Air.**—Docks at Boulogne and St. Malo and iron works at Ymuiden, Holland, attacked by day; two night raids on Lorient.

**North Africa.**—Rommel's rearguard withdrawing towards Ben Gardane in S. Tunisia.

**Mediterranean.**—U.S. Liberators bombed Naples harbour by day; aerodromes in Crete raided by night.

**Russian Front.**—Soviet troops captured Zolochev, on rly. between Kharkov and Briansk, Novocherkassk, N.E. of Rostov, and Likhaya, N. of Rostov.

**Australasia.**—U.S. aircraft attacked Jap shipping in Shortland Is. area of Solomons.

**U.S.A.**—Liberator and Mitchell bombers raided Kiska, Aleutians.

***FEB. 14, Sunday*** *1,261st day*

**Air.**—Mosquitoes attacked railway workshops at Tours; heavy night raids on Cologne, Milan and Spezia.

**North Africa.**—In S. Tunisia Germans launched attack from Faid and Sened on U.S. positions round Gafsa and Sbeitla.

**Russian Front.**—Russians announced capture of Rostov and Voroshilovgrad.

***FEB. 15, Monday*** *1,262nd day*

**Air.**—U.S. aircraft bombed docks at Dunkirk.

**North Africa.**—Eighth Army occupied Ben Gardane in S. Tunisia; Axis troops entered Gafsa, evacuated by Americans.

**Mediterranean.**—U.S. bombers again raided Naples.

**Burma.**—R.A.F. long-range bombers raided Heho airfield.

**Australasia.**—Allied aircraft attacked Rabaul, Amboina, Kolombangara, Munda, and Dilli, Portuguese Timor.

***FEB. 16, Tuesday*** *1,263rd day*

**Sea.**—Admiralty announced loss of trawler Stronsay.

**Air.**—U.S. bombers made day raid on U-boat base at St. Nazaire. R.A.F. bombed Lorient at night, while intruder fighters patrolled over German territory.

**North Africa.**—In S. Tunisia heavy fighting continued between Americans and Germans round Sbeitla.

**Mediterranean.**—Fortress bombers raided Palermo harbour by day; heavy bombers attacked Heraklion, Crete, at night.

**Russian Front.**—Kharkov captured by Red Army after fierce street fighting.

**Home Front.**—House of Commons began to discuss Beveridge Report on social security.

## *Flash-backs*

**1940**

February 13. *Russians captured advanced positions of Finnish Mannerheim Line.*

February 16. *H.M.S. Cossack rescued British from Nazi prison-ship Altmark, in Norwegian fjord.*

**1941**

February 6. *Benghazi surrendered (1st time) to Australians and British under Gen. Wavell.*

February 7. *French forces from Chad captured Kufra.*

February 10. *British paratroops captured in Southern Italy.*

**1942**

February 9. *Japanese landed on N.W. coast of Singapore Island. In Burma, Japanese crossed Salween River. Japanese landed at Gasmata, New Britain.*

February 12. *Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Prinz Eugen dashed from Brest through Straits of Dover to German ports.*

February 15. *Singapore fell to Japanese. Large-scale Japanese landing in Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.*

# Editor's Postscript

WHY is it that when the great mass of the public, of every class and profession, creed, politics and economic circumstance, are working as never before to contribute all in their power to the national war effort, why is it that we should find apparently increasing evidence of the existence in our midst of persons who can be described by no other word than saboteur? I am not referring only to the "black marketeers"—those who never let an opportunity go by of turning a dishonest penny or of getting more than their fair share of a limited supply. Rather I have in mind those destructive maniacs who when nobody is looking damage and destroy public property, and those petty pilferers who seem to think that the railway companies (to take one of their particular victims) are fair game for the exercise of their thievish propensities.

WHEN the Nazis bombed south-east London the other day—it was the raid in which 39 little children and several of their devoted teachers perished—there was an immediate outcry because the public shelters in some districts were found to be shut. In fact, as Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, made clear in the House of Commons, keys were available at the nearest Wardens' posts, so that it was unlikely that there was any dangerous delay in opening the shelters. But *why* were they shut? Because of the difficulties arising from a "small but very active body of saboteurs." It is general knowledge that not in one or two places, but in many, the public shelters have been raided by thieves and deliberately damaged. Thousands of electric light bulbs have been stolen or broken, seats have been smashed, telephone and lighting wires wrenched away, locks forced, doors splintered; and the shelters have been used for other purposes that need not be described. In the light of such facts, who could blame the authorities for keeping these little buildings, designed and constructed solely for the public's own safety, under lock and key?

PILFERING on the railways has assumed proportions which would be almost incredible if the allegations were not supported by official statistics. I am informed that during 1942 on the trains—workmen's for the most part, but not by any means entirely—of the London, Midland and Scottish railway, 40,000 electric light bulbs were smashed, 8,600 windows broken, 10,000 electric light shades removed, 19,000 window and door straps removed or mutilated, 65 parcel racks damaged, and 100 ventilating frames broken. Prior to their withdrawal from the train-lavatories there was a tremendous loss of towels by all the railway companies, as I mentioned on the authority of a railway director two years ago. These figures constitute a simply appalling reflection on the morals—I use the word in its proper and not in its merely sexual sense—of the travelling public, which would seem to be much the same as the hooligan-minded public that abuses the A.R.P. shelters. One is inclined to ask where are the fruits of the tree of Popular Education that has been nurtured at such great expense for the past seventy years?

OF the many periodicals now issued in London by or with the help of Allied Governments, the latest to appear is The Norseman, published at 2s. 6d. every two months by Lindsay Drummond, Ltd. The first number lies before me, and it makes interesting and instructive reading. Most of the articles are, of course, by Norwegians or have a Norwegian subject. Mr. Nygaardsvold, who has been Prime Minister of Norway since 1935, opens with a contribution on Cultural Continuity; the famous Norwegian novelist Sigrid Undset describes some of her adventures during the first days of the war in Norway in April 1940; and Arne Ording writes on Norway and International Co-operation. Other contributors include the distinguished Soviet journalist, Ilya Ehrenburg: President Benes gives us some of his thoughts on the Peace, and Harold Nicolson a study of Winston Churchill. Then Dr. Wilhelm Keilhau, an Oslo professor, makes a plea for the adoption of English as the official language for the Commonwealth of Free Nations which we hope will be established after the War. If such an alliance is to be workable, he argues, it must possess a common language for the quick, practical and businesslike conduct of its affairs, and he favours English because of its tradition as the world's oldest democratic language.

RECENTLY the survivors of the Suffragette movement met in London to celebrate the silver jubilee of the Royal Assent to the first measure of women's suffrage—the 1918 Act which enfranchised women of 30 and over. (Votes for women on practically the same terms as men came ten years later.) So short a time ago; and it was seriously argued by men—and by women—in all parties and of every class, that because women were the "weaker sex" they were unfit to be entrusted with the Parliamentary franchise. It took a world war to give women the vote, as Lady Astor emphasized at the celebration at Friends' House. Because women showed what they could do at the munition benches, on bus platforms, and in many other jobs which hitherto had been male preserves, they were given the right to put a cross on a ballot paper. What shall they be given after this war, in which many of them have actually entered the firing-line? They have deserved much; and, no doubt, much will be given unto them. But I think Lady Astor is right when she says that it would take an earthquake to give women equal chances with the party machines, a tornado to put them on the Bishops' Bench, and a land-mine to blow them into the House of Lords!

SUCH is the way of things in Britain; but in Germany, as a Berlin radio commentator, one Hans Schwartz von Berg, put it the other night, "We don't talk about war and politics to German women if it can be avoided." But it cannot be avoided any longer, Herr Hans went on, "we are all in danger." So he had some quite nasty, harsh things to say to Frau and Fräulein. Apparently some German women are doing their best to dodge the call-up. The total mobilization recently decreed by Hitler (he said) "was certainly not meant to send some young lady looking for her long-forgotten sketching-pad and then to march to take an academy course, on the pretence that this is an important or at least sensible activity. Neither were the decrees imposed to remind hundreds of young girls that moulding busts or making vases or pretty figures for dear auntie's birthday is an interesting profession. Nor does it mean registering hastily for a course of gymnastics in the hope of being sent in six months' time to dance beautifully before the German troops in Paris, or rushing to take up the job of secretary to a good friend who has never had one before. Nor because five years ago you took a few lessons in Japanese will you now be given three years to perfect your knowledge with a view to becoming an interpreter."

MANY a German woman used the vote which the Weimar constitution gave her to put Adolf into power. He promised them, each one of them, a husband and a home; he ordered them out of industry, since that was no place for a woman. Gretchen and Maria used to scoff at the poor British and American women who had to go out to work. They don't scoff now. "Women in Germany are back where they were when Hitler asked them for power," said Rebecca West in a recent broadcast, "only far worse. Hitler cheated women, if only because he said: 'Every woman will have a husband for herself,' and did not add, 'but he will probably be a dead one.'"

## FAMOUS FIGHTERS OF THE R.A.F

**GROUP-CAPT. A. G. MALAN, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, who has destroyed 32 enemy aircraft in addition to many probables. A South African, he played a leading part in the Battle of Britain, and commanded one of London's Spitfire squadrons in 1941.** *Drawn by Capt. Cuthbert Orde: Crown Copyright reserved*

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